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Saturday Review

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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE POLITICS OF POPULATION
by Richard N. Gardner

A PROPOSAL TO RESTORE
Adventure TO American Democracy

John Lear *reports on a five-year study by the Brookings Institution*

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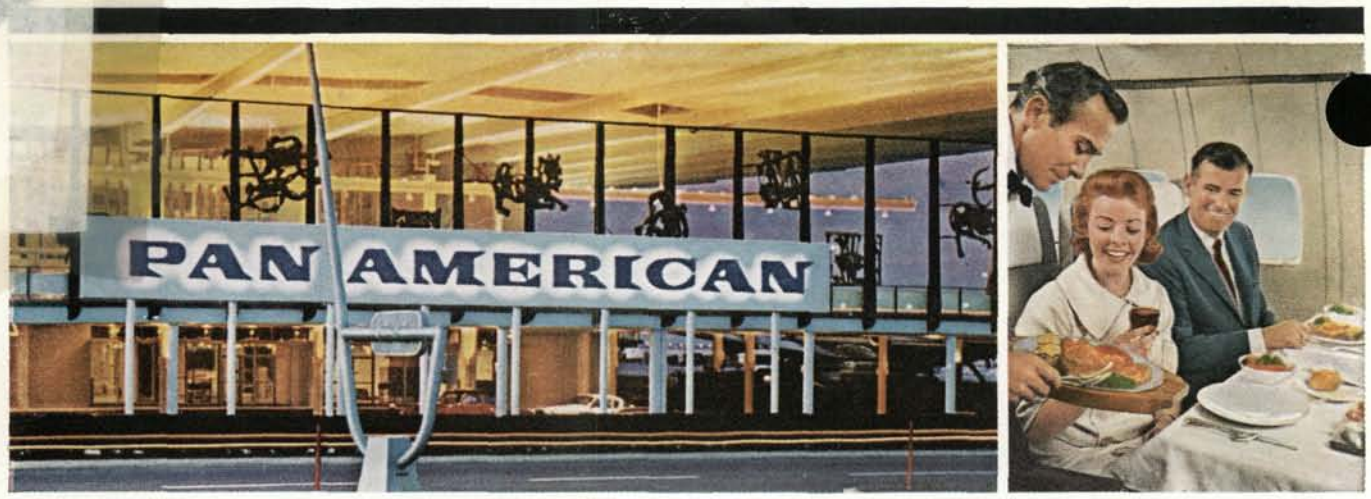

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Saturday Review

September 7, 1963

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L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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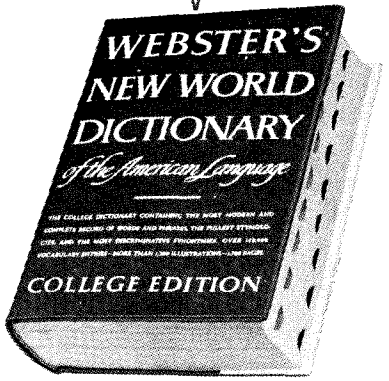

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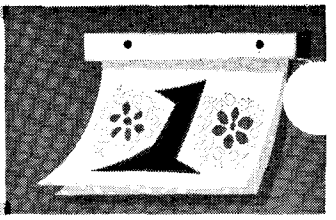

By CLEVELAND AMORY

AUGUST was not only the month of the March on Washington, the test ban treaty, and Vietnam; it was also the month when anxious authors picked up their *New York Times*es one morning to learn who had been elected to the White House—elected, by the way, by what was announced as a "scholar-studded" electoral college board headed, of all things, by a Yale man. His name is James T. Babb, and he is librarian at Old Eli. As such, he readily admitted that it was "agonizing" to pick the 1,780 best all-time, all-American books, and to "avoid inflaming rivalries" he and his committee decided to omit all fiction and all poetry of living American authors. Among nonfiction authors, "inflaming rivalries" were, apparently, okay. Somehow it reminded us of the old story of the debut of violinist Yehudi Menuhin—one that was attended by violinist Jascha Heifetz and pianist Artur Rubinstein. "I say," said Heifetz as, midway in the concert, Menuhin's virtuosity brought down the house, "it is warm in here, isn't it?" "Not," replied Rubinstein gently, "for pianists."

• • •

One thing was certain from the Babb balloting: politics make strange bookfellows. We can understand the inclusion of two books by John F. Kennedy, but when it came to brother Robert and the inclusion of *The Enemy Within,* somehow we weren't entirely satisfied with the committee's explanation that he was "placed on and off the list so many times during the long deliberations that the compilers finally lost count." In any case, when the chips were down, the man who served as counsel to the investigating committee, was, in the great Skull and Bones tradition, securely tapped. Teddy, though, didn't make it; it is our theory that it was because he hasn't written anything. In any case, some of the other tappings gave one pause: *The Protestant Crusade 1800-1860,* for example, by Ray Allan Billington. Also, we noted that the Yale University Press fared surprisingly well—with such titles as *O. C. Marsh, Pioneer in Paleontology,* by Charles Schuchert, and *Soil, Its Influence on the History of the U.S.,* by Archer Butler Hulbert. And, as if those were not enough, there were not one but two volumes on the history of Yale—*Yale College 1871-1921* and *Yale the University College 1921-1937.* Not a word about Yale since '37, though. Those rivalries again, we suppose.

• • •

August was a big month on the libel front. Not only did the *Saturday Evening Post* make libel suit history, but, out on the West Coast, Michael Wilding entered a multimillion-dollar suit against Hedda Hopper for her first edition of *The Truth and Nothing But* (Miss Hopper's subsequent editions omitted Mr. Wilding's not-so-good notices). In the matter of the *Post,* we have no wish to join the sotto-vultured voices of Madison Avenue, *Time-Life,* etc., over the Curtis woes, but we do think to lose a $3,060,000 suit to a former football coach whose own university president testified to his "bad character" took, at the very least, so doing. Among other things, it took pretty sloppy grade of reporting and, perhaps below all, an apparent mass vacation, when the article first came in, on the part of the entire Curtis legal staff. Lawyers these days have a remarkable talent for keeping their names before the public when the going is good (cf. the Messrs. Nizer, Williams, Belli, *et al.*), but when the track gets a bit muddy they have a positive genius for remaining anonymous.

• • •

Maritally, it was a difficult month indeed—particularly in the upper break-ups. As if, after the Rockefellers, we didn't already have enough up with which to put, now we also have to face the facts of wife in the matters of the Henry Ford II's and the Marshall Field Jr's. But, on the question of our Ford future, Cholly Knickerbocker, in the New York *Journal-American,* put our fears at rest, in what at first we could have sworn was a paid advertisement. "Mr. Ford's very forthright nature, integrity, and upbringing," said Jolly Cholly, "make another trip to the al inevitable for the popular busi executive."

• • •

Elsewhere, among the playing people, there was also couple trouble—particularly in the strange case of

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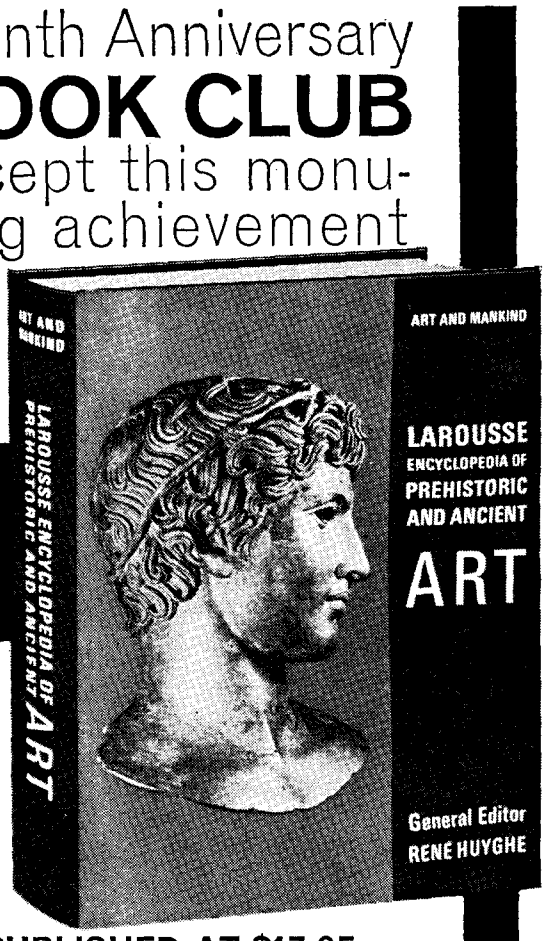

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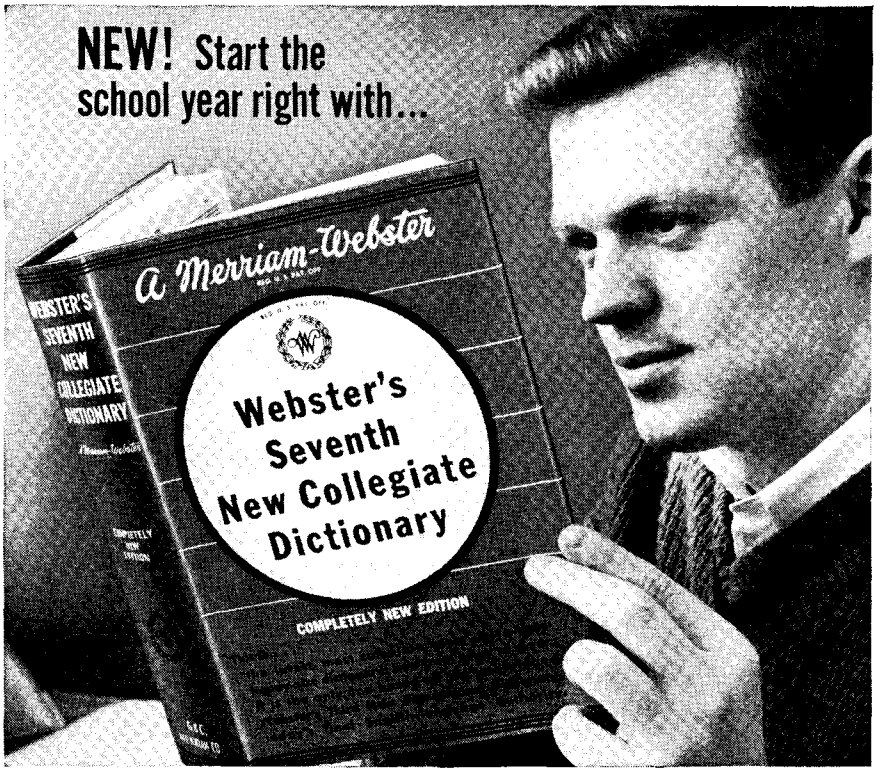

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Anthony Quinn, who declared that he wanted to do the right thing by Jolanda Addolori and their baby boy. "I cannot lead this double life," he said, "for the sake of my other four children." Declared Sheilah Graham: "There were tears in Quinn's eyes when he added, 'I don't want people to think that this is just an affair with Jolanda.'"

• • •

At the Lake Tarleton Club's Festival of the Seven Arts in Pike, New Hampshire, photographer Donald Sultner-Welles all but stole the show with his remarkable color pictures from New England to New Delhi. The star literary figure of the festival, however, turned out to be none other than that master mystery man himself, Rex Stout. Introduced as "a man under whose beard and tweeds beats a heart of gold," Stout took the stand fiercely. "I am not wearing tweed," he said, "I am in Sherman Adams country and my coat is vicuna." Then, glaring menacingly at his audience, the author of *The Mother Hunt* declared, "I have already picked out from among you the murderer in my next novel, as well as his first three victims, and I am presently in the process of searching for ten red herrings." As his listeners fidgeted nervously, Stout declared that one of his pet hates nowadays is a fiction writer like John Updike, who, he said, "can spend eighty-four pages telling you about one act of sexual intercourse, and make every paragraph boring."

• • •

Balancing the Books: From Shamir (in *The Deed*, by Gerold Frank), "A man who goes forth to kill another whom he does not know must believe one thing only—that by his act he will change the course of history"; from William Carr (in *The Basic Book of the Cat*), "If parents are getting the cat to teach the child a sense of responsibility by forcing the child to care for the cat, they are doing the child an injustice and committing an act of cruelty against the cat"; from Theodore Pratt (in *The White God*, published first as a paperback), "I believe this is the way a book should be—first in paper, then, if proved good enough, hardbound for permanency"; from Quentin Reynolds (in *By Quentin Reynolds*), "The hard fact is that I'm no smarter today than I was when I graduated from college a centur ago"; and, last but not least, fron Norton Juster (in that wonderful little book *The Dot and the Line*), "Once upon a time there was a sensible straight line who was hopelessly in love with a dot."

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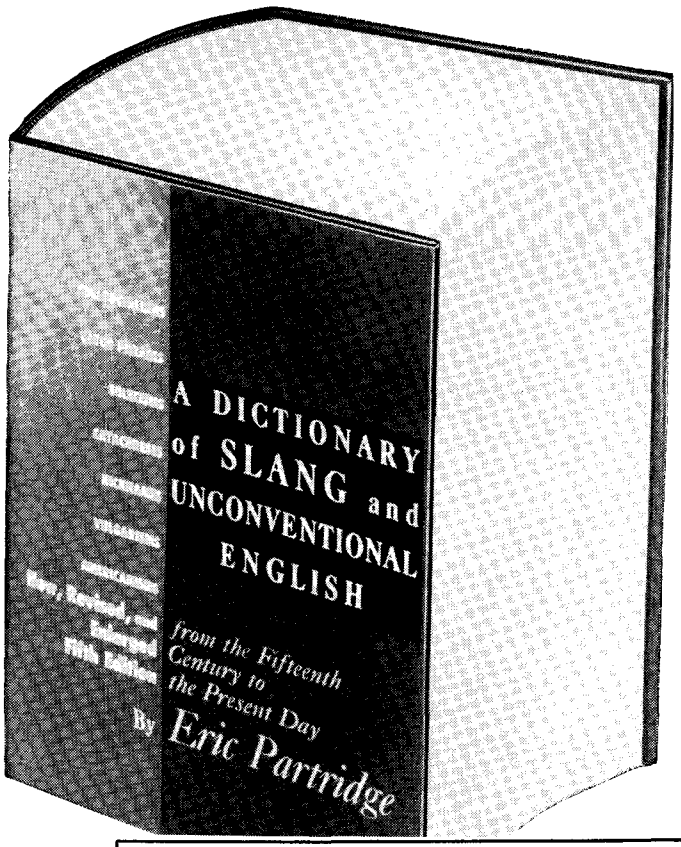

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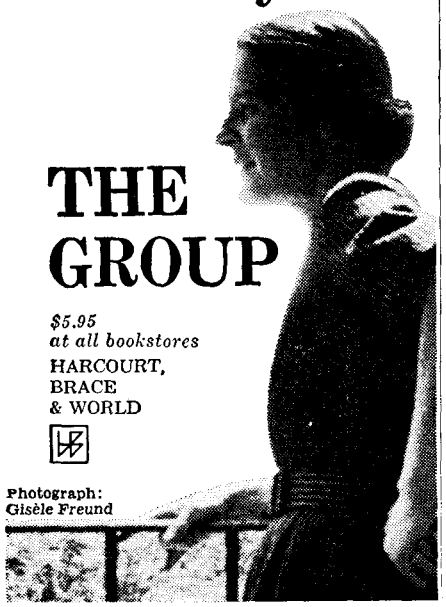

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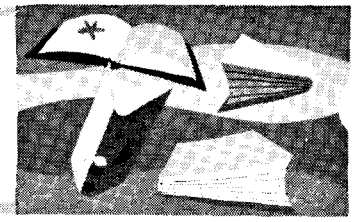

EARLIER THIS YEAR, publishers Hill and Wang brought out a book on the theatre, titled *Methatheatre: A New View of Dramatic Form,* written by Lionel Abel. In it, he decries the disorder of the theatre today, and hopes that someday order will prevail.

We have recently been supplied with a rather interesting correspondence between a playwright and producer, during the time their play went into rehearsal and made its tortuous journey from the out-of-town tryouts to Broadway. There may be some clues in it as to why the theatre remains disordered.

August 15

Dear Playwright:

I can't tell you how delighted we are to be able to put your play into production. I can say without reservation that this is the first play of the scores I've read this year that is practically ready to go into rehearsal without a line changed. With Blank already signed as director, we are working with one of the greatest names in the American theatre. He is equally enthusiastic. I'm looking forward to our conference with delight. We'll discuss casting and scene design, and brush up one or two lines. Most cordially, Producer.

August 17

Dear Producer:

I'm very flattered by your reaction, and deeply hope you are right. Yours and Blank's enthusiasm is very helpful in charging the batteries again. I'll look forward to the conference next week. Very cordially, Playwright.

August 22

Dear Playwright:

I'm delighted that you agree with us that the character of Binnie needs a slight and inconsequential alteration which we discussed at the meeting. Blank joins me in feeling that we'll make quite a team. Am booking theatres for an October opening. Cordially, Producer.

August 24

Dear Producer:

I wish I could feel as enthusiastic as you do about the suggested changes in Binnie's character. You see, her function in the play is to serve as a direct menace to the protagonist. If she doesn't do this, there is a very serious flaw in the plot structure that even the best dialogue can't repair. However, I'll be glad to take a shot at this, and then we can compare the new character with the original. Cordially, Playwright.

September 6

Dear Playwright:

Blank and I are captivated by the new Binnie! You've done it. Bravo. New Haven, Wilmington, Washington booked for October. Cordially, Producer.

September 8

Dear Producer:

My enthusiasm is frankly dimmer than yours about the new characterization, but I'm willing to go along at least until New Haven, where we'll get a chance to look it over on stage. Naturally, I'm delighted with the fall opening. I've seen many plays wrecked by late openings. Cordially, Playwright.

September 30

Dear Playwright:

I know you'll be as disappointed as I am that we've got to push our opening date back to March in New Haven, but I know you'll rejoice with us that Blank will be able to fulfil a television commitment that will give him a chance to plug our forthcoming production—and also give you a more leisurely chance to spruce up that second act. We can't lose. Cordially, Producer.

October 3

Dear Producer:

Our relations have been so cordial that I hate to bring up a discordant note, but those revisions you've suggested for the second act make it obligatory to rewrite two-thirds of the first act, and about half of the third. I'm perfectly willing to give this a shot, but I want to point this out so that you'll be aware of it. Cordially, Playwright.

October 5

Dear Playwright:

I'm extremely grateful you pointed these problems out to me. I guess we're all luckier than we thought by having the play postponed until April. Good luck with the revisions. Cordially, Producer. P.S. Remember, we can alway go back to the original.

February 3

Dear Producer:

After all these weeks of rewriting, I still feel that we're going to have to go

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back to the original. I find that all the writing has been in the direction of gs and jokes, and destroys any hon-sty whatever in the approach. Will you and Blank keep this in mind when you look over the attached fourth draft? Cordially, Playwright.

February 5

Dear Playwright:

Dear boy, you're a doll. You don't know what a good rewrite man you are. The revisions are hilarious. Bravo, again! Cordially, Producer.

March 6

Dear Producer:

I'm putting this in your mailbox at the Taft Hotel, because I haven't been able to get you on the phone since the play opened last night. From the audience reaction and from the curtain going down twenty-five minutes late, we've obviously got to cut and revise drastically. Could I suggest we go back to the original motivation instead of the gag approach? Most of the laughs are coming from embarrassment rather than enjoyment. Am enclosing major revisions to correct this. Very truly yours, Playwright.

March 7

Dear Playwright:

For your information, I'm enclosing a completely revised version of the script which I took the liberty of assigning to a script consultant some weeks ago, as a safety measure. I'm sure you'll find it welcome. Of course, you have the privilege of refusing to permit us to use this version, but then my only choice would be to close the play. I don't think you'd want that. Of course, you could withdraw your name. But that would be messy. It would prejudice the critics and endanger the jobs of the cast and crew. Then, of course, you could sue me under the Dramatists' Guild contract, but that would also close the play. I know you will understand that this is all for the best. Cordially, Producer.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1534)

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But, in spite of these causes for apprehension, there are reasons for cautious hope. It would now be technically possible to unify the world, abolish war and poverty altogether, if men desired their own happiness more than the misery of their enemies.

Chess Corner—No. 85

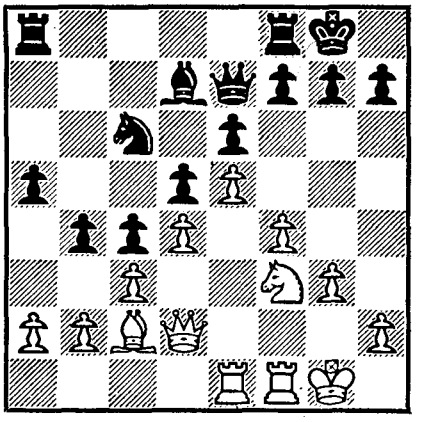
A BRILLIANCY prize game in a grandmasters' tournament is an official stamp of quality. It usually involves a sacrificial blaze of glory. Here, from the St. Petersburg tournament of 1909, one of the greatest of all time, is the game that won the second brilliancy prize. The award went to L. Forgacs for his victory over the eccentric Dr. S. G. Tartakover.

It is not only a brilliant performance for its pyrotechnics, but is also founded in a sound, strategic deployment that eventually culminates in the discharge of a combination. The fireworks are touched off by two successive pawn offers, neither of which can be declined satisfactorily.

The issue begins in the opening, when White usurps the center and Black snipes at White's command of the mid-section with . . . P-QB4. But Black goes awry by 13 . . . P-B5, relieving the center tension to convert to a Queenside assault. This gives White free reign on the Kingside, and his incursion there is sheer artistry.

FRENCH DEFENSE

	Forgacs White	Tartakover Black		
1	P-K4	P-K3	9 P-QB3	N-B3
2	P-Q4	P-Q4	10 P-KB4	Q-K2
3	N-QB3	N-KB3	11 N-B3	B-Q2
4	B-N5	B-K2	12 Q-Q2	O-O
5	P-K5	N-K5	13 B-Q3	P-B5?
6	NxN	BxB	14 B-B2	P-QN4
7	NxB	QxN	15 O-O	P-QR4
8	P-KN3	P-QB4	16 QR-K1	P-N5



17 P-B5! KPxP
18 P-N4! BPxP
19 N-N5 P-N3
19 . . . P-R3 20 N-R7, KR-Q1
21 N-B6ch! wins.
20 R-B6 K-N2
Not 20 . . . P-R3 21 BxP wins.

21	QR-KB1	B-K1	25 R/1-B5	BPxP
22	Q-B4	N-Q1	26 N-B7ch	QxN
23	P-K6	R-R3	27 R-R5ch	K-N2
24	Q-K5	K-R3	28 RxNP mate	

—Al Horowitz.

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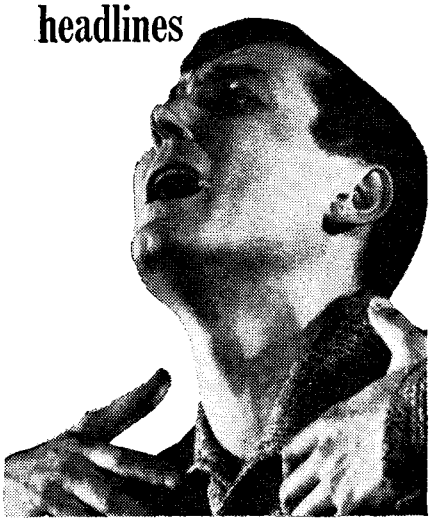

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Saturday Review
September 7, 1963

By Richard N. Gardner

THE POLITICS OF POPULATION

A blueprint for international family planning based on parental choice is offered by the Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs

UNTIL very recently, at least, Western thought has been characterized by an optimistic faith in the inevitability of progress. Despite two terrible wars, the Depression, and the revolutionary ferment that is currently shaking our civilization, many of us still cling to the assumption that the human condition is destined to improve.

This confident assumption is somewhat undermined by the realization that despite all the progress of science and technology in recent years there are more people living in misery and deprivation today than at the turn of the century. Of course, there are also more people enjoying adequate living standards. But the increase of underprivileged people has exceeded the increase of other groups. Whether such a development can be considered progress is, to say the least, open to question.

To be sure, some people cite as evidence of progress the upward trend of aggregate statistics. But progress cannot be measured merely by increases in Gross National Product. The object of economic development is the welfare and dignity of the individual human being. We must concern ourselves not with aggregate statistics but with the progress made in assuring each person a full and satisfactory life: adequate levels of personal consumption, including food and housing, health and education, and satisfaction of those political, cultural, and spiritual needs that are fundamental to all men.

If the condition of the individual, not gross statistics, is to be the measure of our progress, it is absolutely essential that we be concerned with population trends. So long as we are concerned with the quality of life we have no choice but to be concerned with the quantity of life.

There are today some 3 billion people in the world. It required hundreds of thousands of years, from the beginning of life on earth to the beginning of this century, to reach 1½ billion. Within the last sixty years we have doubled that number. According to United Nations estimates we will double that number again to at least 6 billion by the end of this century.

It is obvious from these statistics that the world's population is not growing merely in *absolute numbers*. The *rate* of population growth has increased at an extraordinary pace. The annual growth rate has doubled from 1 per cent in 1945—itself an unprecedented high in history—to almost 2 per cent today. It is expected to go even higher. But even if the present growth rate of world population is maintained, the numbers we have to contemplate are staggering, demanding answers to questions of paramount importance: whether the growth of world population continues at its present rate; whether a reduction in that rate is brought about by increases in the death rate or decreases in the birth rate; and whether, to reduce the birth rate, measures are found that are consistent with the economic, cultural, ethical, and religious circumstances of individual countries.

THESE questions have particular urgency for the less developed countries. For reasons that are well known, the rate of population growth tends to be higher in these countries than in the developed countries, an average of 70 per cent higher. In many less developed countries the rate of population growth exceeds 3 per cent a year. About 80 per cent of the growth of one-half billion in the world population in the last decade took place in the less developed areas. In the years ahead the highest rates of growth are likely to continue to be in these areas. It is estimated, for example, that, if present rates of growth continue until the year 2000, the population of North America will increase from 200 to 300 million, while the population of South and Central America would grow from some 200 to 600 million.

It is bad enough that less developed countries tend to have a higher rate of population growth than developed countries. But the problem is compounded further by the fact that the less developed countries are less able to cope with the consequences of rapid

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population growth. The problem for developed countries is to increase already high per capita income levels and to devote increasing portions of already large national savings to services such as medical care, health, and housing. But less developed countries whose economy is at the subsistence level may be able to save little or nothing at existing income levels for improvement in social structure.

For newly developing countries the problem of population growth is not, as some people think, the problem of avoiding starvation or finding standing room. It is the problem of finding sufficient savings after current consumption needs are met to assure a tolerable rate of progress toward modernization and higher standards of living based on self-sustaining economic growth.

JUST a year and a half ago the United Nations General Assembly set as its goal for the United Nations Development Decade the achievement by 1970 of an annual growth rate of 5 per cent a year in aggregate national income in the developing countries. The achievement of this goal will require enormous effort. It has been estimated that in the 1950s the developing countries had an over-all annual growth rate of 3 per cent and an annual population increase of 2 per cent, with annual per capita increases in income of 1 per cent. Making the generally accepted assumption of a capital-output ratio of three to one, these countries will have to increase their savings and investment from 9 to 15 per cent of their Gross National Product to achieve the goals of the Development Decade. This is obviously a formidable task at present levels of population growth.

Assuming that the goals of the Development Decade are achieved, prospective increases in population will greatly dilute the impact of over-all increases in income on individual levels of welfare. For example, gradual progress toward the 6 per cent annual growth goal during the Development Decade would by the end of this decade increase a $100 per capita income to $123 in a country with a 2 per cent rate of population growth and $111 in a country with a 3 per cent rate of population growth.

Obviously there is much that we do not know about the relationship of population growth to economic and social development. But from an examination of these and other facts one conclusion seems inescapable: in certain less developed countries it may be virtually impossible at the present time, even with maximum external assistance and maximum self-help, to bring about a rate of economic growth that will provide the rate of improvement in individual living standards that the country seeks to attain and that, more fundamentally, is essential to the proper exercise of the individual's human faculties.

In the light of these hard realities it is scarcely surprising that the population problem should have been the subject of a major debate at the last United Nations General Assembly. With sixty-nine affirmative votes (including that of the United States), twenty-seven abstentions, and not a single negative vote, the Assembly adopted a major resolution, "Population Growth and Economic Development," calling for an intensified program of international cooperation in the population field:

First, the Secretary General was requested to conduct an inquiry among member states "concerning the particular problems confronting them as a result of the reciprocal action of economic development and population changes."

AS envisioned, this inquiry was to help focus the attention of responsible officials in all countries on the implications of population trends for economic and social planning, open up channels of communication between policy makers and local demographic experts, and encourage governments without competent experts of their own to seek outside assistance. Such assistance will be available not only from the United Nations but also from various foreign governments and private institutions—in the case of the U.S., from AID, the Census Bureau, the Ford Foundation, and the Population Council.

Second, the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations was asked, in cooperation with the Specialized Agencies, regional economic commissions, and the Population Commission, to "intensify its studies and research on the interrelationship of population growth and economic and social development, with particular reference to the needs of the developing countries for investment in health and educational facilities. . . ."

The intensification of studies and research called for under this section will involve not only a substantial increase in the program of work of the U.N. population section, the demographic staffs of the regional economic commissions, and regional demographic research and training centers, but also correlative studies in the educational and health fields conducted in cooperation with UNESCO and the World Health Organization.

Third, the Economic and Social Council was directed to report its findings with respect to all of the foregoing to the General Assembly not later than at the Assembly's nineteenth session in 1964.

Fourth, United Nations agencies were asked to encourage and assist governments, especially of the less developed countries, "in obtaining basic data and carrying out essential studies of the demographic aspects as well as other aspects of their economic and social development problems."

Fifth, the World Population Conference scheduled for 1965 was requested to "pay special attention to the interrelationships of population growth with economic and social development particularly in countries that are less developed. . . ."

The resolution containing these five action paragraphs was approved overwhelmingly with no negative votes. A good deal of controversy developed, however, over another section not included in the resolution as finally adopted, which instructed the U.N. to "give technical assistance as requested by governments for national projects and programs dealing with the problems of population."

This section was widely interpreted as calling for United Nations technical assistance in the actual implementation of family-planning programs. It was approved by a narrow margin in committee, but in the plenary session, at which a two-thirds majority is required on important questions, it failed of adoption by a vote of thirty-four in favor, thirty-four against, and thirty-two abstentions.

As a practical matter, the defeat of this paragraph did not alter the authority already possessed by the United Nations as a result of previous resolutions of the General Assembly and of

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the Economic and Social Council to grant technical assistance upon request to member nations.

Since the passage of the General Assembly resolution, the U.N. Secretariat has begun work on its inquiry. This inquiry takes the form of a questionnaire that has been sent to each member of the United Nations or of the Specialized Agencies. When the answers to this questionnaire are compiled, analyzed, and put before the General Assembly in 1964, the United Nations will have before it the most comprehensive information yet assembled on the attitudes and policies of governments on population.

The debate in the General Assembly that preceded the passage of the resolution on "Population Growth and Economic Development" strikingly illustrated the unique value of the United Nations as an international forum.

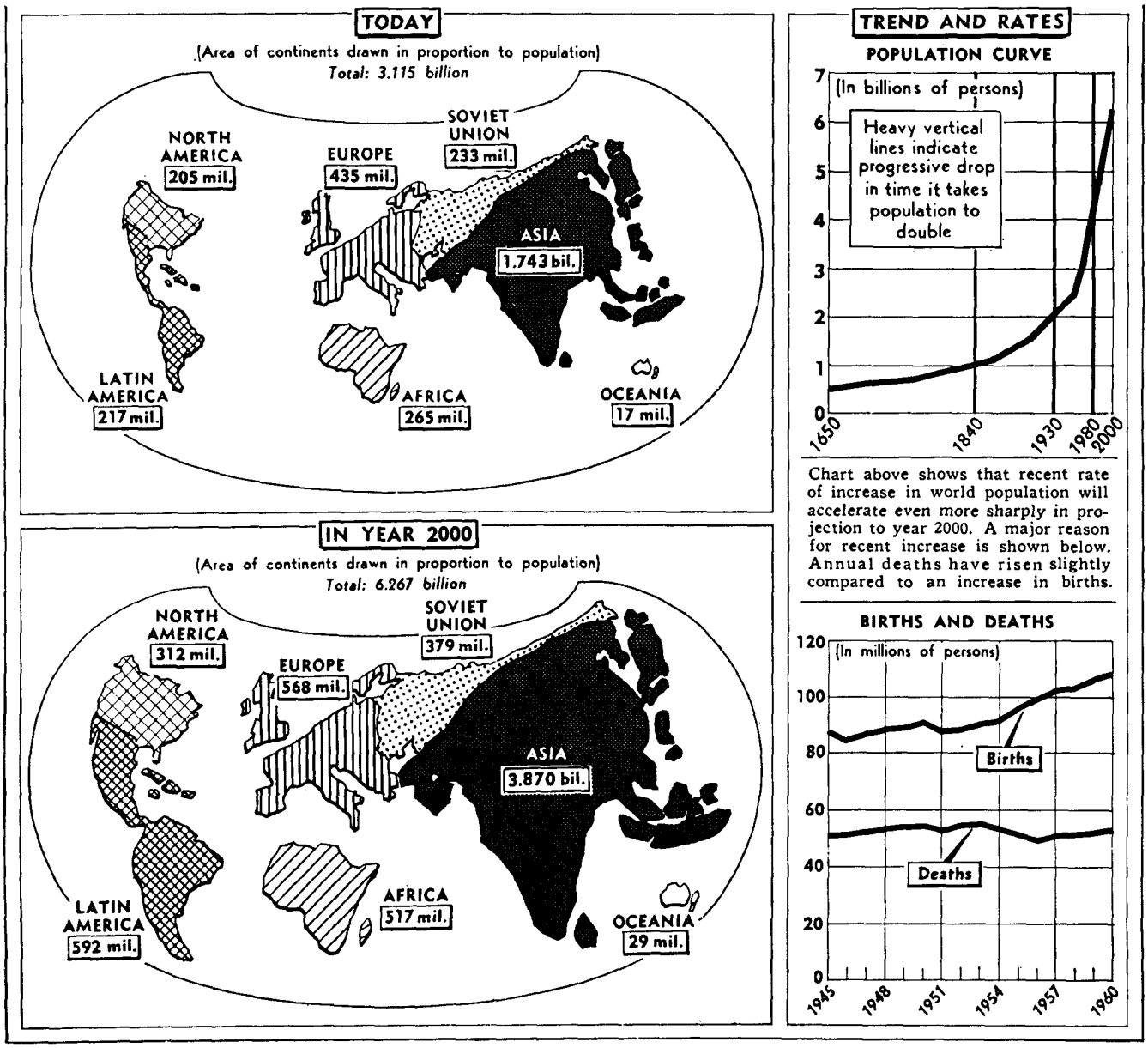
Four major viewpoints emerged:

The first viewpoint was represented by Sweden and the other sponsors of the U.N. resolution—Ceylon, Denmark, Ghana, Greece, Nepal, Norway, Pakistan, Tunisia, Turkey, Uganda, and the United Arab Republic. These nations argued that population growth posed grave problems for economic and social development and that urgent action was required to deal with it. They advocated a major increase in U.N. activity in the field—including technical assistance in the field of family planning. Support for this viewpoint was also expressed by India, Nepal, Japan and some countries of Africa, but found only scattered support in Latin America.

A second viewpoint was put forward by Argentina and Ireland, with support from a few other countries, principally

(*Continued on page* 37)

WORLD POPULATION NOW AND IN YEAR 2000



The United Nations reported last year that the world population passed three billion in 1961—3,060,000,000 at midyear—and is increasing at 1.8 per cent annually. The 1962 midyear total was thus 3,115,000,000. The maps above show continents drawn to scale for last year's figures and again for the year 2,000, for which the U.N. had previously published projections. The charts show the rise in population trend and a reason for the increase.

—The New York Times.

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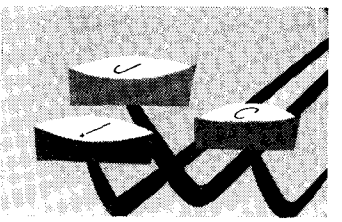
Manner of Speaking



THE ORDINARY—DELAY BY DISASTER: I have been gadding about the country with my family, getting the mail in clumps and clusters as it caught up with me. One of the recent clusters contained a brown Post Office Department envelope inside of which was a letter addressed to me in Milwaukee from one of my sisters in Boston. The original letter was badly charred around the edges, the address barely legible, the envelope stamped DAMAGED IN HANDLING IN THE POSTAL SERVICE and repostmarked Utica, New York. A photograph had been enclosed with the letter and the heat of whatever fire it had been in had fused the photo and the letter paper together in a way that made it impossible to get the letter unfolded. We never did find out what it had to say, though a later letter told us the enclosed photo had been a color shot of my mother.

My wife and I puzzled at the thing for a while, the children made a huge curiosity of it for at least twice their normal attention span of eleven seconds, and then we all went on with (which is to say, out for) the day. It was hours later, in no context whatever (except that those charred edges and the baked illegible letter had obviously clung to the underside of my mind), that I suddenly said, "That plane wreck!" It had to be that. A Mohawk airliner had crashed in upstate New York just about the day after the letter was originally postmarked (June 26), and Utica lies on something like a direct line (or at least a direct line of travel) from Boston to Milwaukee. Our letter must have been salvaged from the wreckage of that crash.

Somehow the fact that the post office grinds on through fire and death (as well as through sun, rain, sleet, etc.) struck me both as a tribute to its efficiency and as a symbol of the relentlessness of the trivial. Come what may, our small ordinary concerns must be sorted from the wreckage and forwarded to their unmomentous destinations to deliver their commonplace remarks on what sentiments there are.

At first, I confess, I found the thought appalling. To receive out of the life-destroying flames the unintelligible letter, meticulously delivered, struck me as an exercise in the scrupulously futile.

Almost instantly, however, I found myself thinking that the essential life process lies exactly in that sort of continuity. It is by the small and ordinary that life is joined to life. After every dramatic intrusion, there returns the uneventful. The night of the day the house burns down, when the family has found such shelter as it can, someone must still run out to buy toothbrushes and the children must be reminded to use them. The morning after a death in the family the milk must still be brought in, the paper picked up, and some sort of breakfast put together. The morning after Armaggedon, I suppose, someone must go up and wake the children and rattle off the morning noises that begin again.

But at once it occurs to me that Armaggedon is exactly the wrong example. Armaggedon, by definition, is the end of all that is small, daily,

habitual, and unimportant in itself. Anything from which the small and ordinary can begin again is no final catastrophe. Our lives, to be sure, incur their powerful climaxes (and may they all be crescendoes of flowering purpose rather than of portentous loss), but it is the commonplace that makes us possible. Hell is the denial of the ordinary.

And as a note on the reassertion of the ordinary, let me add that the letter, originally postmarked in Boston on June 26, was repostmarked from Utica on July 12. Disaster, in this case, was a sixteen-day delay that converted the commonplace into the indecipherable.

THE ORDINARY—ON INFLEXIBLE SCHEDULE: I am indebted to Jack Bobbitt of Rolla, Missouri, for the following identifications of life-as-it-goes. Let me offer them here as some part of the essence of every first hope. So long as the world remains uneventfully livable, so long will the sound of such daily observations speak the sound time goes by, and so long will some sort of future remain visible and some sort of hope possible.

> Bath mats are little dry rugs that children like to stand beside.
>
> A glass is something that should be filled only to the middle because otherwise it spills twice as much.
>
> A ride is when you should have gone to the bathroom first and Daddy takes everyone home and says again that it's the last ride for him.

THE ORDINARY—NEPOTISM: There is a TV commercial for a cream or lotion or goo-of-whatever-sort that recommends the stuff for "when you are using your face the most." While we were in Milwaukee, Daddy took everyone for a ride (making sure to send everyone to the bathroom first) along the lakefront drive. Lake Michigan is having a water-pollution problem and the odor of rotting fish is heavy on the land when the breeze is right. The breeze swung exactly right just as we were driving past a heap of decay some workmen had dredged out of the water, and Myra immediately wrinkled her face into the essence of prune crying "Pee-*uuu!*" Jonnel immediately went into his ordinary act. "Look," he said, "Myra's using her face the most!"

(Very well, then; what sort of sounds do you make your life out of?)

THE ORDINARY—FRIENDS AND THEIR SOUNDS: A dear friend of ours, a sweetie-pie with no children of her own, has been helping her nephews through college, skimping her own budget not only to help with the basic bills but to keep them in spending money. Inevitably, the nephews recognized a good thing when they had it, and tapped her time after time for extra money with which to float their social lives. When she suggested that they might get a job of some sort to cover the expenses of their social lives, she was promptly put in her place with the declaration that a job would not leave any time for socializing. They have, she concludes, learned a sound

(Continued on page 51)

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Saturday Review

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Solving a Chinese Puzzle

RECENTLY, a question was asked in the Chinese Communist Party press in Peking. The question reflected bewilderment, bitterness, and hurt. Whether intended or not, an unmistakably poignant note seemed to emerge from the query.

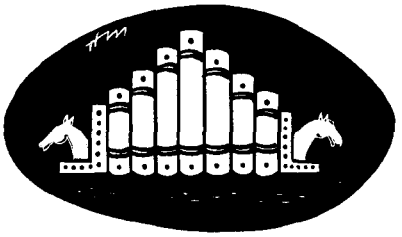
What, the Chinese asked in effect, happened all of a sudden? What happened to break the deadlock between the Soviet Union and the United States on the nuclear test ban issue? Everything had pointed to total failure and to an intensification of the struggle between East and West. Then, inexplicably and abruptly, all obstacles to agreement were dissolved.

What made the matter all the more puzzling to the Chinese was that things seemed to be moving according to Chinese calculations. They had predicted that, if the Russians acceded to the American demand for three inspections, the U.S. would withdraw its offer and ask for six inspections. And, if the Russians then agreed to six, the Americans would renege and ask for twelve. Consequently, when Chairman Khrushchev in January accepted what he considered to be the American request for three inspections, only to have the United States demand eight, the Chinese felt vindicated. They had contended that peaceful coexistence was a delusion, and that the United States would never accept any limitations on its military capability.

Under these circumstances, the Chinese no doubt thought it was only natural to receive an invitation from the Russians to visit Moscow for the purpose of discussing an improvement in the relationship between the two large Communist nations. The meeting would be held in late June. The Chinese accepted. Everything seemed to point to the ascendancy of the Chinese position in the entire Communist world.

Then the roof fell in. The Americans and the Russians resumed talks on a nuclear test ban. Even as the Chinese and Soviet ideologists completed their talks in Moscow, the Western diplomats arrived in the Soviet capital and optimistic reports about the outcome of the test-ban negotiations began to appear. Meanwhile, the news about the Sino-Russian meetings became increasingly bleak.

The Peking delegation packed its bags for the trip home at about the time the treaty on testing was initialed. Since then, recriminations between Moscow and Peking have steadily increased. But the Chinese have paused long enough to confess their puzzlement. What had happened so suddenly, they asked, to produce the reversal?



Our immodest purpose here is to suggest a possible answer. Many historical national, and ideological factors interacted, to be sure; but something highly specific happened that may have brought about a vital turning. We refer to the June 10 speech at American University by President Kennedy. The speech transcended politics and ideology. It cut loose from the cynicism and doubletalk of power politics and addressed itself to the predominant questions of the human future in a nuclear age. It recognized a cause beyond enmities and was unafraid to speak of the things that even adversaries in a nuclear age have in common.

At precisely the time that the President was attempting to define mutual obligations to future generations, Mao Tse-tung was attempting to score points in an open letter to Nikita Khrushchev that he demanded be shared with the Russian people. Here, then, were two documents in front of the Soviet leader. One spoke to the dictates of ideology, categorical imperatives, and historical determinism; the other spoke to the human situation and the reality of a common responsibility. It is possible that history will never know what went on in the mind of the man who had to choose; but the choice was made. The President's speech appeared in full in the Russian press and was reported extensively over the Russian radio and television. The moment this happened, it seemed clear that Chairman Khrushchev had decided to stake his leadership on agreements with the West that would provide tangible evidence that his policy of coexistence could work.

It is possible that another document—supremely human in content—may have gone into that vital turning. This was *Pacem in Terris*, the peace encyclical of Pope John XXIII. This, too, had a profound psychological effect on the Russian leaders and people, for it did not speak punitively or patronizingly. It spoke of an equality of opportunity in which all could contribute to a better world. And it suggested that, at a time when men have the instant means to shatter both their heritage and their future, a dialogue between enemies reflected not weakness but wisdom and courage.

The Chinese puzzle is a puzzle only to those who have been so schooled in hate and so saturated in hardened ideology that they have forgotten the power of the human spirit and the reality of human response. At a time when every resource must be counted and summoned, it is good to be reminded that a certain warmth in human interchange is still a powerful asset and can shape history. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE SECOND STEP

PLEASE PRESENT my compliments to Mr. John F. Wharton for his article "Is It Time for the Second Step?" [*SR*, Aug. 17]. It was the most remarkable article I have ever read on the basic problems of war, peace, and world government.

WILLIAM A. RANCK,
Colonel, AUS (Ret.)
Oklahoma City, Okla.

THERE IS ONLY one point in Mr. Wharton's excellent article that perplexes me. Mr. Wharton quotes Mr. Trotter's belief that the human brain must counteract the workings of natural selection if mankind is to escape the fate of the beehive or the anthill. . . . I wish Mr. Wharton were not so prejudiced against anthills; I like them. What greater prospect for mankind? Of course, our future human anthills will not be qualitatively commensurate with insect anthills as they exist today, but there will be many features in common. Our great task today is to overcome our prejudices against anthills and beehives (projections of the laissez-faire socio-economic ethic), and we must re-examine these insect societies with open minds. We might be surprised to learn that these little ants, although incapable of producing nuclear bomb, are capable of teaching wicked, power-mad Fausts something about living together. . . . I do not mean that we will have to start loving Cuba, Russia, or China. . . . I refer rather to living together in a national context. Before taking the admirable step of establishing a world government, we must first learn to do this. . . . First things first, as one of our statesmen has said.

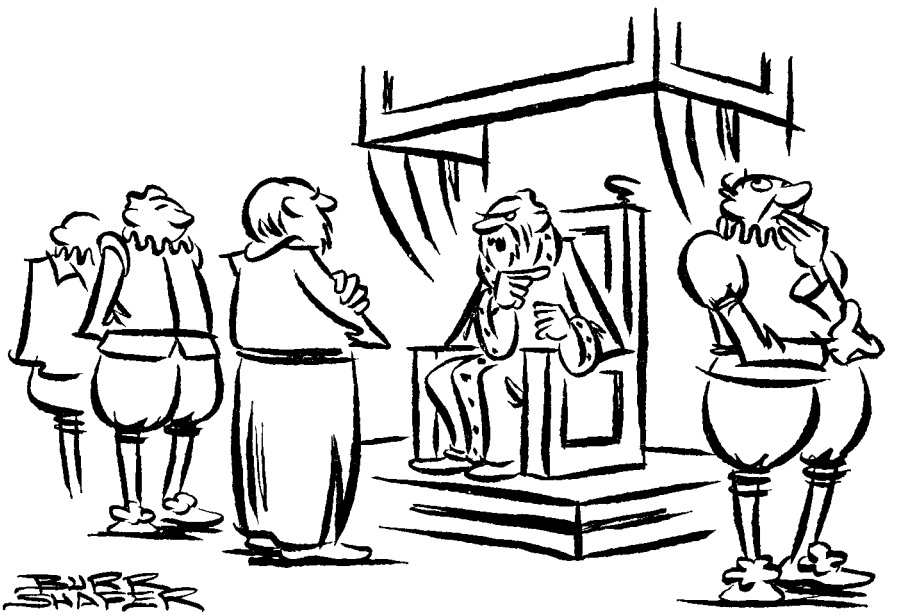
HENRY WORSHAM DEW, JR.
Daytona Beach, Fla.

JOHN F. WHARTON expresses the hope and need for a convocation of a world government convention. A preparatory congress for a world constitutional convention is in fact being held from September 3 to 8 in Denver, Colorado. Delegates from more than thirty countries are expected to attend. *SR* readers who would like information about this meeting should contact Philip Isely, Executive Director, World Committee for a World Constitutional Convention, Inc., 8600 West Colfax Avenue, Denver 15, Colorado.

MRS. RALPH E. DOLBART,
Pennies for Peace.
Evanston, Ill.

I FOLLOWED with close interest John F. Wharton's peregrinations through books on social psychology in search of support his proposition of world government as solution of the problem of war and peace. I am personally inclined to be favorable toward the idea of world government, although I am not of the opinion that it is very likely of realization on the basis of man's own efforts without outside help. Mr. Wharton's search was for the possibility of a natural incapability in man for world government, and of course he found no basis for such incapability from the natural standpoint. However, he should have examined man's incapability for world government in another area of man's nature, as a spiritual being capable of moral decision to use that "variety of ways" of responding to the inner urges of his natural being. And although he made it clear what the real problem is in the whole issue ("Mankind cannot bear very much reality"), he does not seek the necessary answer: how to wean mankind from proneness to accept and to live by illusions. His search for natural incapability in man for world government was irrelevant to this basic problem. As a result, his conclusion is an attempt to raise a more ideal illusion to displace the illusions that people now have about the usefulness of war. A super-Bikini type demonstration would not, as he suggests, be enough to break the grip of our illusion concerning war, because no matter how awesome it would be to those who observed it, they would only be safe spectators, and it would not penetrate to their inner experience enough to break the grip of their illusion that they could use and control that unlimited nuclear power. . . . Let's follow up this discussion with more thinking about the basic problem of illusions . . . seeking some way of reaching man's inner experience with the reality of life.

(The Rev.) THOMAS D. HERSEY.
Norway, Iowa



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"I know he wouldn't steal them. Just try to think where a man like Wesley would ***misplace*** the crown jewels."

DOUBLE BOURBON

I WAS terribly embarrassed when I read Charles Shapiro's review of David Cort's *Social Astonishments* [*SR*, Aug. 17]; I was terribly embarrassed for David Cort. A terrific Cort fan, I have written three pieces in my paper about the essayist, and have lectured on his work at several universities. So, lo and behold, Shapiro, to emphasize the value of David Cort, says: "The daily cornball hodgepodge dished up for our consumption by such admired newspaper columnists as Harry Golden, Robert Ruark, and Inez Robb too often passes as social commentary. . . ," etc.

I took a double bourbon and laughed like hell. May I say in passing that I have noticed a bit of business of the Charles Shapiros that is rather foolish. The essayists who are "out" (who do not have a national audience) sneer at the social-commentarynicks who are "in," creating for themselves the illusion that three factors are keeping them "out": 1) they are too, too honest; 2) they are too, too perceptive; and 3) they are much, much better writers—all of which calls for another double bourbon.

HARRY GOLDEN.
Charlotte, N.C.

DINESEN IN PRINT

IN YOUR August 17 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Lillian Smith recommends Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa*, but says it is out of print. This is not correct; it is easily procurable at almost any bookstore or even department store in the Modern Library edition.

DOROTHY D. CHRISTIAN.
Philadelphia, Pa.

MORE OF THE BEST

HERE ARE my nominations for the ten best novels published in English:

(*Continued on page* 38)

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TV AND RADIO

Skinner's Choice

TELEVISION recently gave Lowell D. Skinner a chance to explain the choice he made in Korea nearly a decade ago. His appearance on WNEW-TV gave viewers an opportunity to measure the 32-year-old ex-G.I. from Akron, Ohio, who refused to come home from Korea when the conflict ended there in 1954. Skinner was stranded in Hong Kong without funds after the Chinese Communists had permitted him to return home this year, and our State Department would not pay his fare home. Jack Lynn, WNEW-TV program director, bought Skinner's passage for an exclusive interview. The pay-off for the former soldier (in which the station shared) was heavy mail abusing him as a "turncoat." There were also letters bringing him understanding, sympathy, some five-dollar bills, and an offer of a job.

VNR (Voluntary Non-Repatriate)—*The True Story of Lowell D. Skinner* was a two-hour program. In the first hour, reporter David Schoenbrun interviewed Skinner; in the second hour Schoenbrun talked with Senator Kenneth B. Keating, Allen W. Dulles, former head of the CIA, and a social psychologist for the armed forces. Skinner was nervous, uncertain, and oppressively handled by the interviewer, who adopted a posture of heavy professionalism and moral judgment. The newsman established no rapport with the veteran and there was no way of assessing the truth of the image of Skinner which the reporter elicited. What emerged for this viewer was the picture of a puzzling young man who had dropped out of high school but who was intellectually curious. He worked his way through many jobs and joined the Army as soon as he was old enough. In Korea he was an infantryman ammo-carrier. Captured in a panic situation in which there was a breakdown of front-line leadership, he was unprepared, as a prisoner of the Chinese, for their cunning, friendly tactics; the Army had described the enemy to him as "fanatics."

In POW camp he was called "progressive" for reading serious magazines. He said he came to recognize that the Chinese were human beings with a long history. When the fighting ceased, he was given a choice under the treaty of staying or going home. Skinner said he chose to stay because he wanted to study the Chinese and learn their language. He said that he had intended to come home eventually and that he never expected his case would attract so much attention. He worked as a lathe operator in an eastern city in China, married a Chinese Christian, and was never asked by the Chinese to be political. He said he is "not and never has been a Communist."

Such was Lowell D. Skinner's story—much milder than one might have expected. It raised persistent question What has this man done to meri "dishonorable discharge" from the my? He has never been court-martialed; there is no evidence that he was a collaborator or an informer. Immigration authorities passed him through in four and a half minutes. He did not desert; he was given a free, formal choice and he took it. His decision may have shocked American pride and sensibilities, but this is an affront, not a crime. After the program I learned that Skinner and twenty other American VNRs had been given a blanket dishonorable discharge by Charles E. Wilson, who, as Secretary of Defense at the time, assumed personal responsibility for the mass edict. Secretary Wilson held that his action (questioned by military lawyers) was based on "fundamental law" and on certain Army and federal court precedents going back to 1908 and 1806.

Senator Keating, although he took a somewhat righteous view of Skinner's action, reminded us that our Judeo-Christian tradition urges compassion and redemption; he said it might be a good thing to have a Review Board that would re-examine dishonorable discharges for pardons in warranted case But if the WNEW program failed—c the air—to question the justice of Skinner's dishonorable discharge, it also missed an important chance to examine a deeper level. Only one question was asked about the veteran's experience in a Communist prison camp. Only twenty-one prisoners chose not to come home; thousands did return with fine records of character and courage. Yet over-all studies of American war prisoners in Korea tell a sobering story. According to an Army psychiatrist who made such a study, this was the first war fought by American soldiers in which there was no "buddy system" among prisoners. No single American successfully escaped. There was no organized resistance. At the end of the first year of captivity, according to this Army psychiatrist, "at least one in every group of ten prisoners was an informer." A total of 38 per cent of our prisoners died in POW camps—the highest rate in any American war since the Revolution; and although lack of food and medical care were contributory causes, hundreds of men died of "psychological surrender" involving failures in standards, character, and discipline.

The Metromedia program was a fi effort—absorbing, disturbing, hauntin —but it would have been far more valuable if it had spent more time recapturing Skinner's mental war in a Communist prison camp.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"Really, Martin, hasn't Gauguin done this already?"

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LITERARY HORIZONS

To Act, Perforce to Dream

I HAVE been reading more or less simultaneously John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* and Susan Sontag's *The Benefactor* (Farrar, Straus, $4.50). Cleland's book, better known as "Fanny Hill," emerged recently from its 200-year underground existence when it was given official publication by Putnam. It briefly went underground again in New York State, where it was banned for a time. The book raises a delicate problem, for this is pornography in the literal sense of the term—writing about harlots—and in the more general sense, too, for there can be no doubt that the author deliberately set out to stimulate the sexual desires of his readers. Whether this is necessarily a bad thing is a problem, but not exactly a literary problem. What has chiefly impressed me about the novel is that it is rather charming in an eighteenth-century fashion: everything about it is simple and straightforward. One finds no suggestion that personality is mysterious.

Miss Sontag, on the contrary, is a resolute explorer of the twentieth-century enigma: what is reality? According to the publishers, she was born in New York in 1933, grew up in Arizona and California, was educated at the University of Chicago and Harvard Graduate School, and lived for a year and a half in England and France. She now lives in Manhattan with her eleven-year-old son.

She has found two wonderful epigraphs for her novel. One is from Baudelaire: "Of sleep, every evening's sinister adventure, it may be observed that men go daily to their beds with an audacity which would be beyond comprehension did we not know that is the result of their ignorance of danger." The other is from De Quincey: "If there be anything amiss—let the Dream be responsible. The Dream is a law to itself; and as well quarrel with a rainbow for showing, or for not showing, a secondary arch. . . . The Dream knows best, and the Dream, I say again, is the responsible party."

The Benefactor is a novel about a man whose dreams become the most important part of his life. His name is Hippolyte, and he is presumably a Frenchman, living in Paris. He has no financial problems, and has been devoting himself, in a somewhat dilettantish fashion, to his studies. Suddenly he has a dream, given at length, that makes a strong impression on him. The dream recurs, with variations, and begins to obsess him. There are other dreams, and they not only occupy his thoughts, they influence his behavior. Take, for example, his own account of his affair with Frau Anders:

> The dream-life which was never absent from my thoughts subsided into curious variations on my nights with my mistress—no new dream yet, but a lengthy entr'acte as it were. I found that the excitement of my dreams surpassed that of my meetings with Frau Anders. It was never she who aroused my sexual feelings. Such feelings were born in me and perished in her. She was the vessel in which I deposited the substance of my dreams. But this did not make her any less important to me. To me she was unique among women. The puzzles and variations in erotic technique proposed by my dreams were solved on her body—on hers, and on no other. This I took as a good omen for our affair, which, however, I had determined would last no longer than it should.

Hippolyte's conduct comes to seem to the reader more and more like that of a figure in a peculiarly outlandish dream. In Africa, for instance, an Arab merchant desires Frau Anders and offers to buy her. Hippolyte sells her for a large sum of money—deliberately made large so that the merchant will appreciate what he is getting. Later, when she returns to Paris, Hippolyte tries to murder her. Still later, in recompense, he gives her a house, which he has elaborately decorated and furnished in accordance with what he believes to be her needs.

Not only Frau Anders but all the other characters come to seem like figures in a dream. Hippolyte's only friend, Jean-Jacques, is strange enough at the outset and comes to seem stranger: "By day he sat in his room, dressed in boxing trunks, and wrote novels which were well received by the critics; for the aperitif hour and

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the early evening he put on a dark suit and went to the opera or to Frau Anders's house; and in the late evening he roamed the boulevards of the city soliciting men, for which purpose he donned various exotic costumes of an aggressively male character, like that of a hoodlum, a sailor, or a truck driver." There is Professor Bulgaraux, who gives support to Hippolyte's preoccupation with dreams by telling him of strange cults. There is the girl Hippolyte marries, as a defense against Frau Anders, a girl of such simplicity that she can scarcely be said to exist.

We are given more and more of Hippolyte's dreams and his meditations thereon. "Do not think," he says at one point, "that I find this dream, or any of the others, unusual. For all I know, everyone has such dreams. What is unusual is the relation between my waking and my dreaming life. Under the pressure of my dreams, I came to adopt a style of living which cannot be called other than eccentric. . . . I am not interested in my dreams in order to understand myself better, in order to know my true feelings. I am not interested in my dreams, in other words, from the point of view of psychology. I am interested in my dreams as—acts."

For the reader the distinction between Hippolyte's dreaming life and his waking life becomes less and less clear. And he himself admits a lack of certainty. There is at the end a different version of the story of Frau Anders, and he does not know which version is true. Perhaps, as he has been told, he spent six years in a mental institution. When he tries to reconstruct the past, his dreams constantly obtrude themselves. But at last his dreams cease, and he lives a life of quiet usefulness.

We know very well why John Cleland wrote the *Memoirs*—to make money and, perhaps, to give himself a certain degree of sensual pleasure. But why did Miss Sontag, with her unmistakable talents, her great care, her thoughtfulness, write *The Benefactor*? To show something, one can say, about the mystery of personality. But what is she trying to show? Why does she elude the reader at every corner? Why has she made herself as great a mystery as the man she is writing about? Much modern fiction is difficult, some of it in an arbitrary and even perverse way. Why do we bother to read it? Actually, I am afraid, not many people will read *The Benefactor*, but the book is a challenge. One respects Miss Sontag's seriousness and her abilities as a writer so much that one wants to give her the benefit of every doubt.

—Granville Hicks.

ON THE FRINGE

An Old Imprint, a New Author

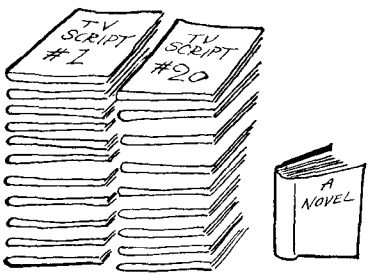
ACCORDING to its president, Raymond T. Bond—who looks like an unruffled Alastair Sim—Dodd, Mead & Company have a problem. The problem—and many another house would be happy to have it—is what to call the firm's 125th anniversary, which comes up for celebration in 1964. Dodd, Mead will publish an anthology to mark their centennial-and-a-quarter (?) and if they can label the years it would settle their unsettled anthology title. Meanwhile the volume, scheduled for the fall of 1964, is in the planning stage and, though the contents are not set, Mr. Bond offered a random selection of top contenders for inclusion.

Quite likely there will be a sampling from *The Obligations of the World to the Bible: A Series of Letters to Young Men*, by Dr. Gardiner Spring, pastor in 1839 of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City. That was the book and the year that changed Moses W. Dodd from a bookstore proprietor to a publisher.

Other possibilities include something from *The Barriers Burned Away*, E. P. Rowe's novel of the Chicago fire and a best-seller of the 1890s; Robert Service's *The Shooting of Dan McGrew;* a bit of *Graustark*, by George Barr McCutcheon; something by Fabre, the Frenchman who was called "The Homer of the Insects"; a sampling from the twenty-eight volumes of Elsie Dinsmore stories by Martha Finley, which reached their peak of popularity about 1900 (Mr. Bond favors a scene in which Elsie is asked by her father to play the piano for a visitor: Elsie is so shocked at the request—it is Sunday!—that she faints). Other authors off the top of Mr. Bond's head include George Bernard Shaw, Sir Winston Churchill, Edwin Way Teale, Maurice Maeterlinck, Agatha Christie, Bliss Carman, William Rose Benét, Rupert Brooke, and G. K. Chesterton.

The unnamed anniversary year will also see the publication of the first volume of a planned three-volume *Collected Letters of George Bernard Shaw.* Mr. Bond concedes the possibility of a fourth volume made up of letters gathered from people who write in to complain that their Shaw letter was not included in the three volumes. Owners of Shaw letters might do well to contact Dodd, Mead now, unless the publishing house decides to hold everything up until their easily named sesquicentennial.

THOUGH it is difficult enough to carve out one successful writing career, Sumner Locke Elliott appears to be on the way to establishing two. A well-known television dramatist with twenty plays to his credit, Mr. Elliott will debut as a novelist on October 21, when Harper & Row publish *Careful, He Might Hear You*, the story of a fierce struggle between four women for the possession of their six-year-old nephew. The book can already boast a British publication, and translations into French and German are under way. It is a January



selection of the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club and, as a screenplay, will go before the cameras next spring under the directorial eye of Joshua Logan. Mr. Elliott, who has, according to his own description, a "British accent with a Southern drawl," is not going to make the screen adaptation. "I couldn't. It must be someone who is not afraid to make changes. I can't see any other way of doing it. The job needs someone with a bold, fresh approach."

The statement was made with the same directness with which Mr. Elliott seems to have run his life. He was born in Sydney, Australia, but decided the United States was the place for writers after talking to American servicemen Down Under during World War II. How did he get here? "It was very Emma Lazarus, the whole thing." What with one thing and another, including a letter he wrote to President Truman, which he says was "Emma Lazarus tinged with a little Deanna Durbin" and produced no results, he arrived in 1948. By 1949 he was starving.

The summer of that year found him down to $70 when the lucky break occurred. Worthington Miner of Studio One asked him to adapt *Of Human*

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Bondage to one-hour dramatic length in two days' time for $200, which sounds more back-breaking than lucky break.

Nineteen plays later, Mr. Elliott, who describes himself as "five feet seven inches, blue-grey eyes, no visible marks or scars," got fascinated by "the he-said bit" and spent eighteen months working on *Careful, He Might Hear You*. "It was something to answer myself: Could I spread?"

Apparently, he can. Future plans? "Another book; I'm absolutely through with television. Well, unless it could be something like Paris with Ingrid Bergman. Otherwise, I've had my quota of dealing with the egos of other people."

NEXT MONTH will see the American publication of *Composition #1*, a novel by Marc Saporta, a French experimentalist. To crib from Simon & Schuster's catalogue: "The 'book' is a cardboard envelope. In it are unbound, unnumbered pages. The reader is requested to shuffle these pages like a deck of cards. The order the pages then assume will decide the fate of the novel's protagonist." Fine and good for Simon & Schuster, Marc Saporta, and book buyers who are bored by more conventional fare. But what is the critic to do? Does he shuffle his book and review what comes up? Should he review the first shuffling or take the best ten out of twelve? Another solution might be to review each card in terms of its individual merits. But if he does that, how does he identify for his reader which unnumbered page he is discussing? Maybe he should just review the envelope, paper quality, and type face. Come to think of it, October sounds like a great month for a literary critic to take a vacation, preferably somewhere without a telephone.

MANY THANKS to Mrs. Elizabeth S. Dyer of the *Horn Book Magazine* for passing on this conversation between a mother and her small, restless son which he overheard in a pediatrician's waiting room.

Mother (crossly): Peter, do you want Mummy to read to you?

Peter: No!

Mother: Well, then behave yourself!

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

WORLD VIEWS

Thoughts As Her Travels Ended

***Tomorrow Is Now,** by Eleanor Roosevelt (Harper & Row. 139 pp. $3.50), records the final words the great First Lady spoke to an earth she knew she was leaving. Lillian Smith is noted for her novels and essays on the evils of segregation.*

By LILLIAN SMITH

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT was the first woman on earth to be loved as a person by hundreds of millions of people; the first who pushed *eros* aside and gave to *agape* a world-size meaning. Her public was hers not because of sex appeal or political power, but because of a compassionate heart that put her in tune with the yearnings of inarticulate people—a heart disciplined by a fine intelligence which saw to it that her reaching out was meaningful.

She was an indefatigable learner, but she was not a writer. It was people that mattered, not words; situations, not metaphors; horizontal, surface life, not the depths of one individual. Her books are, however, interesting, perceptive, full of shrewd, honest appraisals of the times she lived in—the same qualities that marked her as a speaker who understood what she talked about.

There were subjects in which she obviously had a wide and sure learning: world politics, social problems, nuclear warfare, economics, education; but she was not, as many assume, unaware of the subtleties of art or the ambiguities of the human experience. There was no streak of naïveté in Mrs. Roosevelt. On the contrary, she was one of the most sophisticated women in the world; but her rare quality of simplicity, her lack of consideration for herself, were often mistaken by shallow people for "innocence"—a snob word used too freely today by intellectuals. She was not afraid of clichés when talking to vast audiences, for she wanted to be understood; this desire of hers, added to the praise of those listeners whose words pulled her down to an approximation of themselves and, implemented by the press that accepted these approximations, twisted Mrs. Roosevelt into a stereotype that might be called "Mrs. Good Heart." But those who knew her knew a woman of superb taste and erudition, who easily found her way around on every level of contemporary society, and who was equipped with a critical skill that could spot the pretensions of artist or intellectual as quickly as those of phony politician.

—*David Gurewitsch.*

Eleanor Roosevelt — "an indefatigable learner."

Her last book, *Tomorrow Is Now*, put together from her spoken thoughts during the final months of her life, was her attempt to give the American people an affectionate push into a future they seem astonishingly ignorant and afraid of. "I can't wait to get started," she told Elinore Denniston, who was writing it down for her. "There's so terribly much to be done." And she began at once, in concise, well-organized words, to give a clear, often brilliant summary of America's unfinished jobs, naming dangers that lurk in automation, in the blankness of current education, in our national vice of never planning ahead, in the desperation of American Negroes, in the blindness of Birchites and white supremacists, and in the awesome lag in Congressional thinking that could, if it continues, actually destroy our future.

Knowing the international situation as well as most women know their kitchens, Mrs. Roosevelt sketched out

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anxieties and misapprehensions that must be cleared up. She spoke of the Common Market and the United Nations; she talked shrewdly of certain Asian leaders and their followers; she warned us of what hungry stomachs can do to a billion and a half people. She warned; and then, in her down-to-earth way, she suggested useful measures which, if quickly taken, could help ease tension.

The book is full of memories, but not intimate ones; these she felt did not belong here. She told, instead, of incidents that have occurred during the past few years as she has talked to college students, laborers, teachers, government leaders, etc. She felt, especially among the young, a fearful ignorance of American history and the philosophy on which our country was built by its first leaders. There are a few hair-raising stories of the scope of this ignorance and indifference.

But she wrote also of the young who *are* aware, of the Peace Corps, of those at home who are running risks for what they believe.

Mrs. Roosevelt did not quite complete her book. One morning she told Miss Denniston that she was too tired to go on. She spoke almost casually, but her body was trembling with fatigue. She was hospitalized and, not many weeks later, she quietly died.

It is a book for us all: this little volume filled with her last thoughts for the American people. But its clarity, simplicity, and plain good sense make it especially appropriate for the young, who will find that Eleanor Roosevelt is so far ahead of them that they will need to run fast to catch up with her.

A Misguided Missile Concern

Unarmed Victory, *by Bertrand Russell (Simon & Schuster. 155 pp. $3.50), credits the Kremlin with the peaceful resolution of the Cuban crisis and the Sino-Indian conflict. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By FRANK ALTSCHUL

IT IS a pity that Lord Russell should permit his very real concern with the survival of mankind in the atomic age to be colored by a flagrant misreading of recent history. That he does so in *Unarmed Victory* is sure to lessen the impact of the note of warning it is his purpose to sound.

Throughout he maintains the view, with which few today would disagree, that the very contemplation of thermonuclear war as a means of achieving a national objective savors of madness. "It seems odd," he asserts, "that neither in governments nor in populations is there sufficient love of life to cause a revulsion against policies leading to universal death." And he contends that while "willingness to die for a cause has generally been admired and, in the past, in the main, rightly . . . in the contests that are now likely, no one's death will serve any purpose. No cause that anyone can value will be furthered by anybody's death."

Only those in a position to appraise with reasonable accuracy the possible effects of thermonuclear warfare can tell us whether Lord Russell's frequently repeated assertion that the full-scale use of atomic weapons in a struggle between the great powers would result in the extermination of human life on our planet is justified. Admittedly, such a catastrophe would be inconceivably disastrous for Western civilization, and, as Lord Russell points out, we share with the Soviet Union an overriding interest in avoiding any such horror. It is to be hoped that the Moscow Treaty regarding nuclear tests may prove to represent the first step in giving concrete recognition to this obvious fact.

Lord Russell focuses his (and the reader's) attention on two recent episodes—the Cuban affair and the Sino-Indian conflict. In both cases he argues that war was avoided because the Communist leaders, realizing that the prevention of thermonuclear war must be the supreme objective of policy, made striking concessions to their more intransigent opponents, and thus the peace was saved. While he is critical of Nehru's policy, expressing some lingering belief that the Indians may have been the aggressors, he reserves his sharpest barbs for Mr. Kennedy and the United States. And it is just here that we must most violently dissent from the author's observations.

Why, he asks, should we consider a

Soviet missile base in Cuba aggressive, while we argue that the chain of nuclear bases which "America and her alli have established along a great part o the Russian frontier" are purely defensive in character? The answer eludes Lord Russell, who seems to have forgotten many of the salient elements of postwar history. It was the Soviet Union, and not the United States that, in violation of the Yalta agreement, imposed its system by force on the once independent states of Central Europe. It was the Soviet Union, and not the United States, that, in violation of the Potsdam agreement, brought about the present division of Germany, thus placing a seemingly insuperable obstacle in the way of liquidating the Second World War. It was the Soviet Union, and not the United States, that with its armed forces crushed the revolt in Hungary and the attempted uprising in East Germany. It was the Soviet Union, and not the United States, that proclaimed the Communist purpose of world dominion. And it was purely as a necessary measure of defense against further Soviet incursions, of which the establishment of a missile base in Cuba was only a recent and dramatic example, that, counter to all our tradition and historic preference, we felt obliged to establish our farflung network of foreign bases.

Again and again Lord Russell asserts his passionate dislike for Communism. Yet he reaches the astonishing conclusion that "throughout the years since Stalin's death there has been increasing freedom in the East, and diminishing freedom in the West, with the result that, by this time, the difference is not very notable. Meanwhile, hatred and readiness for war are inculcated in the West and in China and India, but no longer in Russia." This is typical of that tendency to mix fact and fancy which is characteristic of Lord Russell's approach and disqualifies him as a serious commentator on the current scene.

Lord Russell, like the Soviet propagandists, proclaims that Khrushchev saved the peace by his generous action in ordering Soviet vessels to turn back from their venturesome journey into the Caribbean. That he initially threatened the peace by the clandestine installation of long-range missiles in Cuba is cavalierly overlooked. And if we now seem embarked upon a course which hopefully may lead to the elimination of thermonuclear war, most of us would attribute this to the fact that by his prompt and courageous action in th Cuban crisis Mr. Kennedy carried the conviction to the masters of the Kremlin that the threat of nuclear war, like nuclear war itself, could no longer sanely be considered a useful instrument of Soviet policy.

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An Appetite for American Taste?

Cultural Relations and U.S. Foreign Policy, *by Charles A. Thomson and Walter H. C. Laves (Indiana University Press. 227 pp. $5.95), and* ***Cultural Affairs and Foreign Relations,*** *edited by Robert Blum (Prentice-Hall. 184 pp. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95), respectively review the history of America's cultural activities abroad and indicate how they can further understanding between peoples. Max Beloff's latest book is "The United States and the Unity of Europe."*

By MAX BELOFF

ONE WEAKNESS in both these admirable studies of American experience in transnational cultural activities is the limited temporal perspective they adopt. It is true that the United States government was a latecomer in the field; the first effort was made as recently as 1938 in order to counteract Nazi and Fascist penetration in Latin America. But the problem was not a new one; and, in privately financed cultural activities outside the borders of the United States, American missionary and philanthropic enterprise already possessed a fund of experience that has been and remains an essential foundation of formal government action. Nor, of course, are the problems with which the United States is confronted in this kind of activity different from those of other governments ruling over Western democratic and pluralistic societies. More than one of the authors represented pays tribute to the work of the British Council and the BBC; they have known the difficulties that inevitably arise when one tries to define the shifting frontier between "information" and "culture" or the relations between long-term national goals and the promotion of short-run political purposes.

The most thorough and weighty of the books under consideration—the study by the late Charles A. Thomson and Walter H. C. Laves—reveals that in a brief quarter of a century American cultural relations with other nations have already gone through a number of successive phases. Under the pressure of external political events the emphasis has alternated from mutually arranged programs, inspired by international idealism, to more direct propaganda under the stress of the cold war, and back to longer-range measures of cultural interchange as the pressures of the cold war have partially receded. Similarly—and here too American experience is not unique—there have been several shifts of interest to different geographical areas, again dictated not by cultural considerations, but by political ones.

Over the whole period there has been a substantial degree of expansion, whether in terms of money spent, students and teachers exchanged, printed and other materials sponsored, or exhibitions and performances provided. Nevertheless, the Twenty-second American Assembly on Cultural Affairs and Foreign Relations at Columbia University last October—and the writers of several of the papers before it (printed in the volume edited by Robert Blum)—concluded that the financial provision falls far short of the need, and that the public and more particularly Congress are not yet fully aware of the part that such activities play in the conduct of contemporary international relations. Nor has a finally satisfactory method of organizing these activities either in Washington or in the field so far been found, with the result that good cultural attachés are hard to recruit or retain, particularly since their status is in fact subordinate to that of information officers in the respective assemblies.

Over much of the field this does not prevent valuable work being done. In the natural sciences, for instance, as Roger Revelle shows in his useful paper for the American Assembly, what matters is what can be done to facilitate the spontaneous interest of the whole world scientific community in international cooperation; in education the main burden must fall upon educational institutions themselves. But when one comes to the more general problems of projecting a favorable image of the United States, the intangibles of personality bulk large. At the moment the main accent is on the sciences and technology, and on the underdeveloped countries; cultural contacts are a form of technical assistance if looked at in this light. It is the more interesting to find one American Assembly paper, that by W. McNeil Lowry and Gertrude S. Hooker, representing both the importance of the arts and the humanities, and the need to take more heed of the advanced countries — in particular of

"His wife just told hm to get lost."

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Western Europe. They do show an awareness of the fact that relations with Western Europe cannot be taken for granted, and that there exists at some levels a positively unfavorable current of opinion about the United States and its culture, which is detrimental to the common cause.

Their suggestion that part of the European denigration of American cultural achievements springs from the attitudes of certain intellectuals in the "Latin" countries, and particularly in France, has no doubt some justification; but I know of no evidence to suggest that British intellectuals—except for a few moved solely by political considerations—have shared in spreading attitudes of this kind. Certainly in the academic world the degree of Anglo-American symbiosis is already very high indeed; in some fields, particularly in the social sciences, the difficulty is rather to set bounds on an enthusiasm that might otherwise run away with what is valuable in Britain's own traditions in these fields. Indeed, one of the things that most marks the difference between the intellectual and literary worlds of Britain and the Continent is precisely this different evaluation of the American element in our culture.

Much is made by several of the writers of the need to make the maximum use of international organizations for cultural cooperation—particularly UNESCO. It is perhaps a pity that the United States could not be more directly associated with the work of the European organizations in the cultural field, notably the Council of Europe. American statesmen talk a lot about an Atlantic Community; there is little of that spirit in either of these books—itself perhaps a significant fact.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1048

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1048 will be found in the next issue.

FLY FYAF BZ M EBPMFSBQ SA FLY OBEY BZ FLY CGKCDYGN SF SQEBOEYA.

AXSFL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1047

A corporation cannot blush.
—ASCRIBED TO HOWEL WALSH.

FICTION

Cynic on the Sidelines

The Affable Hangman, *by Ramón Sender (Las Americas Publishing Co. 318 pp. $4), probes the guilt of the "innocent bystander" who looks on passively while civilization destroys itself. James Gray, essayist and literary critic, wrote "On Second Thought."*

By JAMES GRAY

THE CENTRAL figure of Ramón Sender's *The Affable Hangman* is a kind of latter-day Candide. A highly sophisticated descendant of Voltaire's cheerful idiot, this Spanish wanderer in search of a philosophy endures a succession of stark and cruel adventures not unlike those that hounded his famous predecessor down some of the darkest passageways of savage satire. Unlike Candide, however, Ramiro has no guide like Pangloss to assure him at each turn that his sufferings somehow prove this to be "the best of all possible worlds." Indeed, he sees with the grim lucidity of the completely alienated man that human experience is doomed to be simultaneously beautiful and ugly. His persistent impulse is to avoid participation in the chaos of betrayal and of ever more appalling degradation that he takes the pattern of man's fate to be. He represents, in Sender's withering denunciation of our twentieth-century brand of corruption, the escapist who stands by, with a cynicism no less criminal for being consistently passive, and watches civilization destroy itself with the meanest and most vulgar of all possible kinds of perversity.

This strange mélange of literary forms combines realism with nightmare symbolism, glimpses of contemporary history with apocalyptical parables, Freudian dramas of the inner life with factually detailed passages of reportage. Despite his wish to remain immune Ramiro becomes involved, through no decisive action of his own, in one crisis after another. Among his experiences of man's inhumanity to man are intimate contacts with the outrages of the Spanish Civil War: These scenes are even more harrowing than any described by Hemingway in *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* Sender was, no doubt, an eyewitness to similar happenings, for he

Ramon Sender—"a valiant spirit."

served as an officer in the Republican army during Spain's ordeal of the 1930s and is a refugee from his native country, living at present in the United States.

Such realistic accounts as the one which civil guards of the dictator's army bury prisoners alive in a dry well alternate with hallucinatory dream sequences of even more wretched significance. In these visions Sender delivers his uncompromising judgment upon the decadence of man's spirit, alienated from all positive impulse, slack in its uncomprehending surrender to evil. As pictures of the death-throes of personality they suggest the actual canvases of painters like Hieronymus Bosch and his present-day follower, Salvador Dali. But these grotesque images of perverted fervor have neither the cheerfully uncritical ribaldry that was characteristic of the first painter nor the smirking complacency that is so disquieting in the second. They are graphic assaults on the forces that degrade human personality and that make a religion of the death wish.

The essence of Sender's bitter irony is to be discovered in the "affability" of his hangman. At the end of his journey to despair Ramiro decides to take upon himself responsibility for the baseness of the society that, as he learns again and again in every episode of his lif finds life intolerable because it longs kill and cannot. Still passive, still un involved, he becomes an official hangman. An enigmatic final scene leaves the reader—like Sender himself, no doubt—with the question of whether or not society will continue in the future

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to hallow the hangman or have its vengeance upon him at last.

This deeply disturbing book is desperately in earnest about the challenges it puts before present-day society. It is always thoughtful, often brilliant. One feels oneself to be, throughout the reading, in the presence of a major intelligence and a valiant spirit. It is unfortunate that the translation is inadequate.

Saintly Scapegoat: Caspar Hauser was one of the most enigmatic figures of the nineteenth century. A semisavage and inarticulate young man, he first appeared in Nürnberg in 1828, spent five tortured years under the tutelage of various guardians, and then met an end as mysterious as his beginnings. Was he the disinherited scion of a ruling house, a charlatan, a madman, or perhaps all of these? Speculation ran high, and has continued to this day. Writers in Germany, France, and England were fascinated by the dark fate of the foundling, and the interpretations vary from the *calme orphelin* of Verlaine's great poem to the saintly scapegoat of slothfulness of heart presented by the German novelist Jakob Wassermann.

In her new novel, *Prince Ishmael* (Stein & Day, $5.95), part of which ppeared in *Harper's Bazaar*, Marianne Hauser vividly recreates the brutish ambience of Caspar's short life. Narrating the boy's story from his point of view, she displays a keenness of psychological insight whose impact is immediate. However, her sympathetic evocation of the archetypal outcast does not merely present the "facts" of the case, but bestows upon the hero an aura of almost mythical grandeur. Caspar's emergence from the womb of night, his mirror calligraphy, and his helpless groping in the labyrinth of his own mind symbolize the existential plight of man in a bewildering universe.

Miss Hauser's probing analysis of character unfortunately is not matched by an equally acute sense of style, and now and then her prose verges on the sentimental, especially in passages of lyrically exalted nature mysticism. More successful is the surrealistic portrayal of the agony of a lost soul, oscillating between reality and appearance. Though *Prince Ishmael* implicitly criticizes the materialistic goals of a mechanized civilization, it never becomes harsh or aggressively polemic. To make her plea for the confused and the oppressed of this earth, Miss Hauser prefers the more gracious art of symbolism. She thus recaptures the fervor with which the last century hailed Caspar Hauser, victim of Nürn-

(*Continued on page* 35)

REICH'S MIGHT

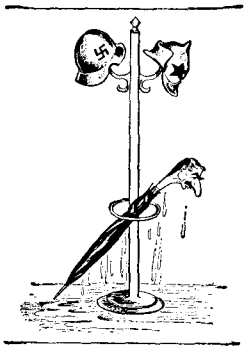
Goosestep at the Waltz

The Anschluss, *by Gordon Brook-Shepherd (Lippincott. 223 pp. $4.95), dramatizes the fateful confrontation of Schuschnigg with der Führer. Joachim Remak's "Sarajevo" dealt with an earlier chapter of Austrian history.*

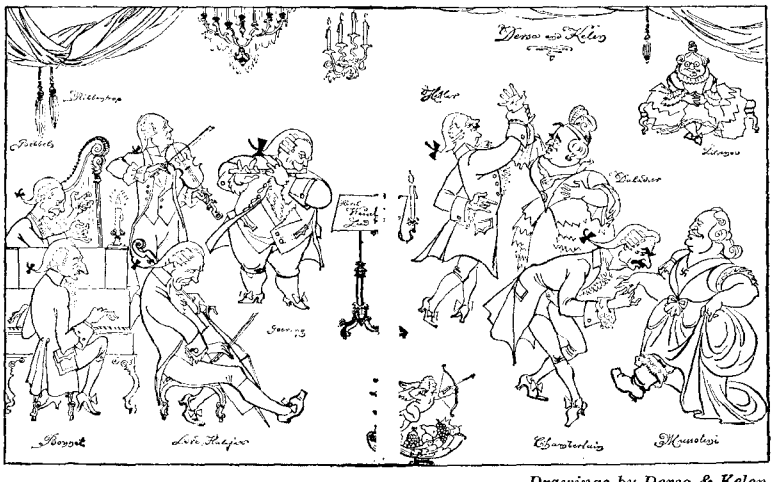
By JOACHIM REMAK

GORDON BROOK-SHEPHERD, the diplomatic editor of the London *Sunday Telegraph,* and for many years a British newspaper correspondent in Vienna, has written much too good a book about the Anschluss. His critical use of the sources is admirable, and his narrative of the crucial events of the spring of 1938 could not be clearer. His judgments are shrewd and fair, and they temper justice with charity. His understanding of the Austrian scene—of motives as well as facts—is rare indeed for a foreign observer. And he has managed the rather difficult feat of telling his story in such a fashion that although the outcome, of course, is hardly a secret, it is still as full of suspense as Fidel Castro's future. The result of all these virtues, alas, is that the reader may experience sensations similar to those induced by watching a telecast, in Living Color, of open-heart surgery. Or rather, worse sensations, for at least the film, if we can bear to watch it, is likely to end happily.

Not that the outcome of the Austrian operation had to be fatal; when looked at in detail, the death of Austria was by no means as inevitable as it is made to appear in the summings-up to which we are accustomed. True enough, Austria's last Chancellor, Kurt von Schuschnigg, was no match for Hitler as a negotiator; his good manners alone were to serve as a severe handicap. True enough, it was Hitler's fanatic resolve to annex Austria to Germany; "common blood," he had written on the first page of *Mein*



Politicos with Paprika: For about half a century Emery Kelen, of the Hungarian-born caricaturist team of Derso & Kelen, has been observing the intricate rites of statesmanship with a fascinated but unillusioned eye. Now, in *Peace in Their Time: Men Who Led Us In and Out of War, 1914-1945* (Knopf, $5.95), Kelen recalls his encounters with the great and the infamous, writing with all the wit and insight that appear in the drawings. He is often moving, as in his reminiscences of Gandhi and Briand; and his sparkling humor never conceals the ultimate seriousness of a man who respects the human race and is concerned for its fate.



—*Drawings by Derso & Kelen.*

"Munich Minuet."

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Kampf, "must have a common Reich." True enough, his Austrian victim showed a less than determined will to live; the nation, after all, had been created by the dictate of the victors at Saint-Germain rather than by the will of its people, and the Austrian Nazis were no more than one group among several whose aim was Austro-German union.

And yet, as one reads Mr. Brook-Shepherd's account of the final crisis, one is struck by how differently the story might have ended. Resolved Hitler might be on his over-all aims toward Austria, but the Hitler of early 1938 was on no account as sure of himself as he would be six months later. At half a dozen points a tougher Austrian response, a more determined Allied resistance, might well have made him draw back. The Anschluss, to quote Mr. Brook-Shepherd, "was at once the most inevitable of his conquests and the most accidental; the best planned and the most improvised."

What if Schuschnigg, for instance, had only been one-half as rude as his host at the Berchtesgaden meeting in February? "My task in life was marked out for me," Hitler shouted at one point. "I have traveled the hardest road that any German ever had to travel and I have achieved more in German history than it was given to any other German to bring about. And mark you, not by force. I am borne forward by the love of my people . . . wherever I go, I need the police only to control the masses and protect them from being crushed by their own tumultuous enthusiasm, not to protect me." To which Schuschnigg's answer, according to his own account, was "I gladly believe you, Herr Reichskanzler." The answer was in style. Earlier in the conversation he had countered Hitler's charge that "Austria had never done anything which was of help to the Reich" with a reference to Vienna's cultural offerings: ". . . Beethoven, for instance."

A year later, when there still existed some slim chance of peace talks between Germany and Great Britain, a member of the resistance in the German diplomatic service advised London to send as their negotiator a retired general, gruff of manner and with a chest full of medals, who when Hitler would thump the table would thump right back and make the crystal dance. These were not Schuschnigg's qualifications (though in fairness one should add that the British never had the sense to send such a negotiator either): one did not provoke Hitler; one was too full of self-doubts; one could not risk having German shoot at German; one was an Austrian after all and preferred accommodation to conflict. So one said, "Yes, Herr Reichskanzler," accepted the list of Hitler's demands, including the appointment of an avowed Nazi as Austria's next Minister of the Interior, and hoped that Hitler might turn out to be a member of the human race after all, or that Beethoven would protect one. ("Well," commented Ambassador von Papen, the principal spokesman for accommodation on the German side and the man who had been responsible for tricking Schuschnigg into coming to Berchtesgaden, "well, that's how the Führer can be. . . . But the next time you'll get on much better. Believe me, the Führer can be absolutely charming.")

Calamitous as the Berchtesgaden meeting was, not all was lost even then. We sense Hitler's surprise at his own success; it had all been so easy. What if Schuschnigg had made it more difficult and on his return to Vienna had taken his case to the Austrian people, revealing the details of Hitler's bullying? What if there had been only a dozen more Austrians in the government as determined as President Miklas to resist Nazi infiltration? Not every Austrian, after all, was a reluctant patriot. What if the opening to the Left, the reconciliation between the Austrian Social Democrats and the regime, had been pursued just a few weeks earlier? What, finally, if Schuschnigg had been consistent in his belated reaction to the corrosion of Austrian independence and gone through with the idea of a pro-Austrian, and anti-Hitler, plebiscite?

What if, what if. . . . Pointless questions, in a sense, for we know how Hitler's courage fed on the concessions of his victim, and how his appetite grew with the eating until Austria had been swallowed whole. And we know of the disastrous new mood it produced in him: blackmail and determination had paid in international affairs, so blackmail and determination should pay again. The Hitler of the Czech crisis half a year later, and of the Polish crisis in 1939, was to be a man whom even shouted warnings could not reach.

Yet the questions may not be that pointless after all. For one thing, one is bound to ask them as one reads Mr. Brook-Shepherd; knowing what we do now, we would desperately like to change a chapter's outcome, alter the decision recorded on another page. But, above all, they are questions we may want to contemplate as, making every due allowance for history's not doing us the favor of ever precisely repeating itself, we face other dictators with aggression on their minds. For this is the final charge against this admirable account of the Austrian Anschluss: a quarter-century after the event, it is still much too painfully topical.

Munich from the Saxon Angle

The Appeasers, *by Martin Gilbert and Richard Gott (Houghton Mifflin. 444 pp. $6.50), asserts that the entire British Establishment of the Thirties was infected with "pro-Germanism." An author and critic, William S. Schlamm was editor at that time of Weltbühne, Germany's leading anti-Nazi journal, and editorial writer of Pritomnost, a well-known journal of Czechoslovak democracy. Among his books are "Germany and the East-West Crisis."*

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

THIS is the often-told story of "the decline of democracy from Hitler's rise to Chamberlain's downfall"—but it has never been better told or more thoroughly documented. Nor has the scholarly diligence of the two young authors obstructed their eagerness to convey their own passionate conviction that it will take generations to forget and forgive the shame of Munich.

With a swiftness that makes every sentence count, Messrs. Gilbert and Gott (born, respectively, in 1936 and 1938) present the most ignominious decade of the British Empire's last century in a brisk play-by-play account of faithless men and fateful events. Though painstakingly annotated and indexed, their book reads like a pulsating creation of first-rate "hot" journalism. And its relevancy to contemporary headlines may be more stunning than perhaps even the authors knew.

The premise and the conclusion of *The Appeasers* is that "appeasement was an attitude of mind rooted in pro-Germanism"—an attitude of mind, that is to say, assumed by the entire British Establishment of the Thirties. This "pro-Germanism" not only distorted the perspectives of England's rulers but made them scheme, with the stubbornness of mischievous fools, for the

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success of Hitler's anti-British policies. Nor was this scheming confined to the Chamberlain team. Kingsley Martin, editor of London's Socialist *New Statesman*, let it be known in 1938 that "things had gone so far that to plan armed resistance to the dictators was now useless. If there was a war we should lose it. We should, therefore, seek the most peaceful way of letting them gradually get all they wanted."

Gems of documentation like this are to be found on practically every page of this volume. One knows, of course, how it all ended; and yet one reads *The Appeasers* with a suspense that is normally reserved for weird stories of unknown dénouement. Though since his schooldays he has been warned how little wisdom partakes in the business of government, the reader of *The Appeasers* will be overwhelmed by the forceful case against the bad and foolish men who governed England in the Thirties.

The authors' case, in fact, is too forceful and too bad to be true. Human folly, at least in Anglo-Saxon politics, never works in such a logical, purposeful fashion—and it is never the outcome of such an ice-cold, evil, ruthless, conscious design. Correct and documented as this book is in its single assertions, appeasement was, in the last analysis, not a loss of mind but a loss of nerve. And it just is not so that, in the Thirties, certain evil rationalizations led to appeasement. Rather, appeasement led to certain evil rationalizations. Neville Chamberlain did not sympathize with Hitler because he found himself in sympathy with certain "justifiable" goals of Hitler's policies. He made himself, and Britain's public opinion, sympathize with such goals because he, Chamberlain, was electrified and absolutely horrified by the thought of war. Appeasers, of necessity, are easily suspect as to their motives and hidden designs; yet such suspicions will be, more often than not, but the exaggerated rationalizations of people who incline to misinterpret history as the conspiratorial doings of schemers. This history is not.

THOSE who regarded Anglo-German friendship as possible were optimists. They sought to ignore the lessons of the past. Those who regarded that friendship as desirable and were prepared to sacrifice common sense for the sake of their desire, were appeasers. Appeasement was a passion which ignored the rules, for it sought to create new ones. It saw the possibility of European peace and prosperity arising out of Anglo-German cooperation.

—*From "The Appeasers."*

Songs of an Unsung Classicist

Collected Poems 1925-1948, *by Louis MacNeice (Oxford University Press. 310 pp. $6), projects the author's personal approach to our world, and his ideal of a "Kingdom of individuals" who "can see each other's goodness." Stephen Spender's latest volume of literary criticism is "The Struggle of the Modern."*

By STEPHEN SPENDER

LOUIS MACNEICE is one of the best poets of the present century, and one of the most neglected. Reading his *Collected Poems 1925-1948*, one asks oneself why this is. One also wonders why the collection, which first appeared in England fifteen years ago, has not been brought up to date for its first U.S. publication.

The probable reasons for the neglect of MacNeice throw some light on the state of poetry and criticism today. Although his poems are learned and rich in references to Latin, Greek, and other literatures—as well as to other arts, particularly painting—they offer no difficulty that is special to their being poems about these subjects. MacNeice maintains a tone of eloquent, elegant, witty, and erudite discourse, and such difficulties as may occur are due simply to the ignorance of the reader or the superior knowledge of the poet, who is a fine classical scholar. There are metaphors in his poetry, but they do not crystallize into opaque symbolism. The general treatment of the material is that of a man living in this time but with intelligence and sympathies that reach beyond it, using all his wit and imagination to translate it intelligibly and even gaily into the terms of his own temperament and pose.

In short, MacNeice is an "honest" poet, in much the same way that Robert Graves sets out to be and usually is. MacNeice does not consider his poetry to be a system outside his own personality. Poetry remains personal, his way of understanding the world. What we find in it is an intelligent man living in this world, not a philosophy or theology transformed into a symbolic, objective-seeming poetry that demands to be criticized as symbolism

Louis MacNeice—"a worldly poet."

and not as the philosophic or theologic system from which it derives.

One way of putting all this would be to say that MacNeice employs great poetic gifts, and projects a genuinely poetic personality, to surround ideas and situations that are essentially those of prose. Although in many of his qualities he is superior to the world, he never ceases to belong to it; he is a worldly poet. By this I don't mean that he is "materialistic," but that the idea of happiness imagined in his best poetry is of a society in which sensual, esthetic-minded, amusing, scholarly people are able to communicate with one another, without mystification and with perfect tolerance and understanding. One of his best poems, "The Kingdom," begins:

> Under the surface of flux and of fear
> there is an underground movement,
> Under the crust of bureaucracy, quite
> behind the posters,
> Unconscious but palpably there—the
> Kingdom of individuals.

The members of this Kingdom are those who have eyes that can

> see each other's goodness, do not
> need salvation
> By whip, brochure, sterilization, or
> drugs,
> Being incurably human. . . .

To come down to it, then, MacNeice

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City in Three-Quarter Time

IT IS, I'm sure, the simplest of journeys to fly from Budapest to Vienna, the West's outpost in the East, but there is a true sense of history, a pulsation of drama, and not a little air of intrigue when you take the train. How many tearful good-byes have been said at Budapest's tired old depot, only the aging walls know; how many chilling escapes, only the successful refugees can tally.

The Hungarian customs guards in their Lehar, chocolate-brown uniforms were courteous but curious. They didn't bother about hauling all the bags down off the racks, but they were rather interested in the cans of fresh caviar, carefully nursed from Rumania, which I asked the dining car steward to put on ice. They had him open the containers, but when they saw the pearly eggs, smooth, even, and untouched, they seemed assured that no microfilm rested underneath. What secrets still remain in Hungary, unless it be how to make a good goulash, I wouldn't know.

The train rolled on uneventfully across the green Hungarian plain. The lunch was as substantial as the landscape and equally commonplace. When the Austrian guards came on, they merely glanced at the passports. "*Alles in Ordnung,*" they fairly shouted, and I half expected them to click their heels, and maybe salute. They moved on without looking into a bag or peeking into the caviar.

At the Vienna station the well-being of the West swirls about the arriving passengers in visible gusts. The west wind carries with it such amenities as uniformed porters, shiny new Mercedes Benz taxicabs, and that familiar maze of traffic that indicates commerce, stability, industry, energy, and, somewhere, some frazzled nerves. The impression gains with each added step. The Imperial Hotel, where the taxi took us, was shined to the nines and up to one's tibia in deep carpeting. The brass gleams, the flowers spray out of enormous copper vases like fountains, the elevators rise silently and with dispatch. The rooms are rich with carpeting and hangings, and the bath is a maze of black tiles and complicated dials devised by the technocratic German mind for corporeal comfort.

Johann Strauss memorial in the Stadtpark.

A lady of my acquaintance informed me that the Imperial's air was all too obsequious for her, and she checked out after one night. Perhaps she confused it with good innkeeping, an art with which I find little fault, and find only rarely. What makes it all the more interesting is that the Imperial, until its face was lifted recently, was the headquarters of the Soviet occupation forces. Whether it was chosen by the Russians out of design, or spite, or whether it fell to them by coincidence is a fine point that may now be left to history. They could hardly have picked a place with a more imperialistic history. It had been first built as a palace for a German prince who had married an archduchess of Austria. But when the city of Vienna built a concert hall across the street, depriving the prince of his princely garden, he erupted in princely temper and sold his princely digs. It opened as a hotel for a world exposition held in Vienna in 1873. Under Franz Joseph it was the imperial and royal court hotel, and was said to be the only one he ever visited. Here in Viennese elegance the young archdukes cavorted with the dancing girls from the opera just down the block.

Much of this lilting splendor, or at least the setting for it, has been restored, and some of the grander suites have cherubs errant on the walls, high ceilings from which a hailstorm of crystal seems about to rain. A smaller place called the Ambassador Krantz, which may not be the handiest title ever thought up by a hotelier, hangs an enormous chandelier right over its reception desk, does all its walls in rose damask, covers its beds with rose damask spreads and even applies *frou frou* touches of red roses on its wastebaskets. It calls its public room the Lehar Salon because Lehar was friendly with Ernest Senft, the proprietor, and came here Friday evenings to dine. His portrait hangs over the fireplace, and the old Lehar scores are spread, under glass, over the rose damask walls.

The famed Sacher, too, blossomed during the monarchy, building up such a welter of renown and bittersweet memory of opera, royalty, and genteel living that it can probably exist on it far into infinity. It was built in 1876 for the restaurant owner Eduard Sacher. Even the ground on which it stands rings with echoes of Vienna's musical masters. The plot had been previously occupied by the *Hofoperntheater,* a house which played with the third première of *Fidelio* in May of 1814 and the original performance of Beethoven's Ninth on May 7, 1824. A new opera house was finished in 1869, the first monumental building on the Ring, and when the *Hofoperntheater* was torn down the Sacher went up. It has been intimately associated with the opera ever since. The new opera house lasted until March 1945, when it burned. When it reopened ten years later, to a rousing rendition of *Fidelio,* naturally the Sacher was back in busines, too. It had fared better than the Imperial since it had served as the headquarters for the British forces, nominally a circumspect lot. For the occasion of the reopening of the opera, the Sacher opened the Sacher-Stöckl, three floors of tiny rooms reached by a winding stairway, every level lined with portraits of the Hapsburg emperors, pictures that serve the Viennese like pin-up girls in a barracks hall.

In the Sacher's foyer hang portraits of Leo Slezak, of Franz Lehar, of Eduard Sacher in a fancifully curled mous-

(*Continued on page* 31)

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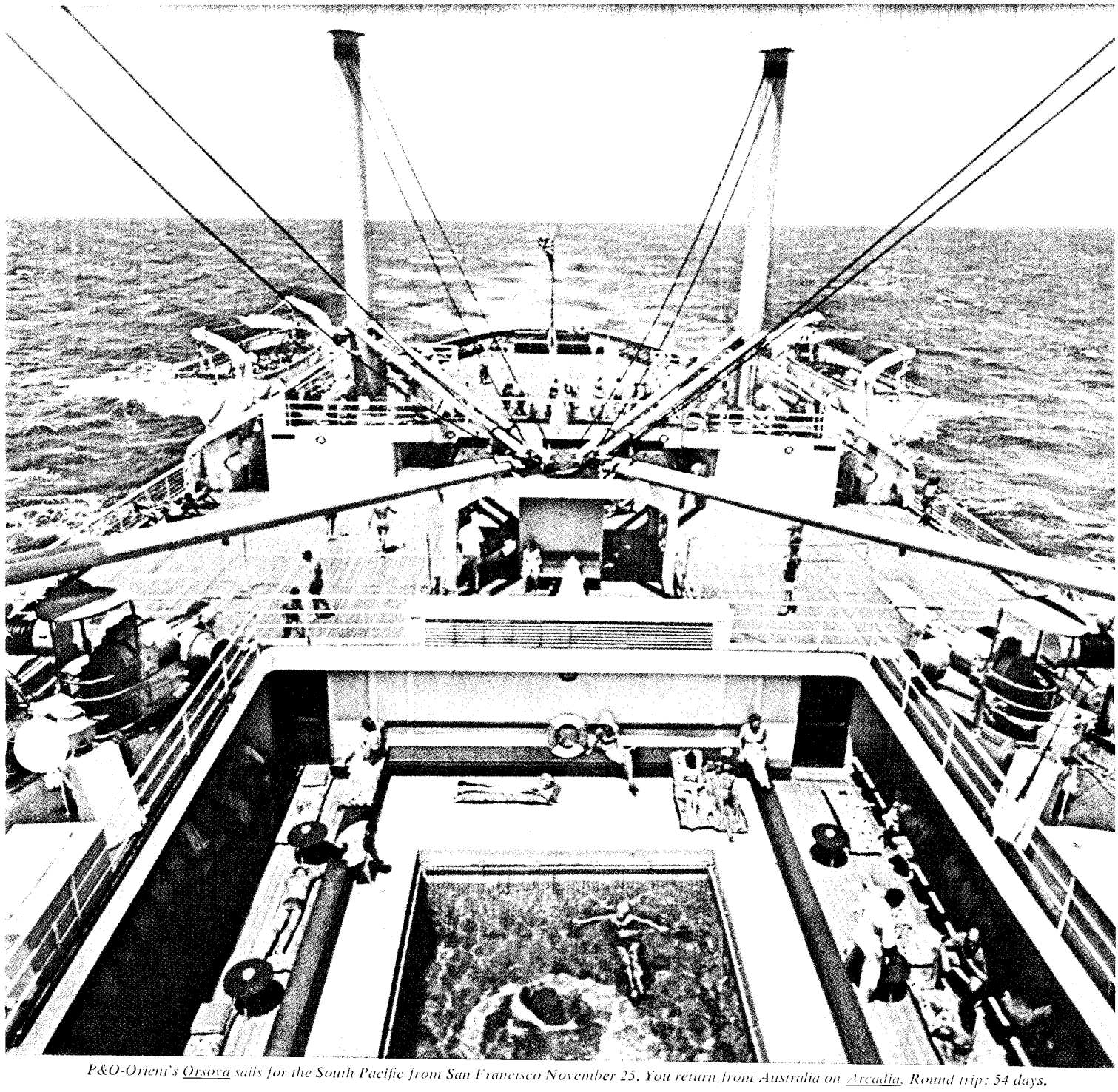

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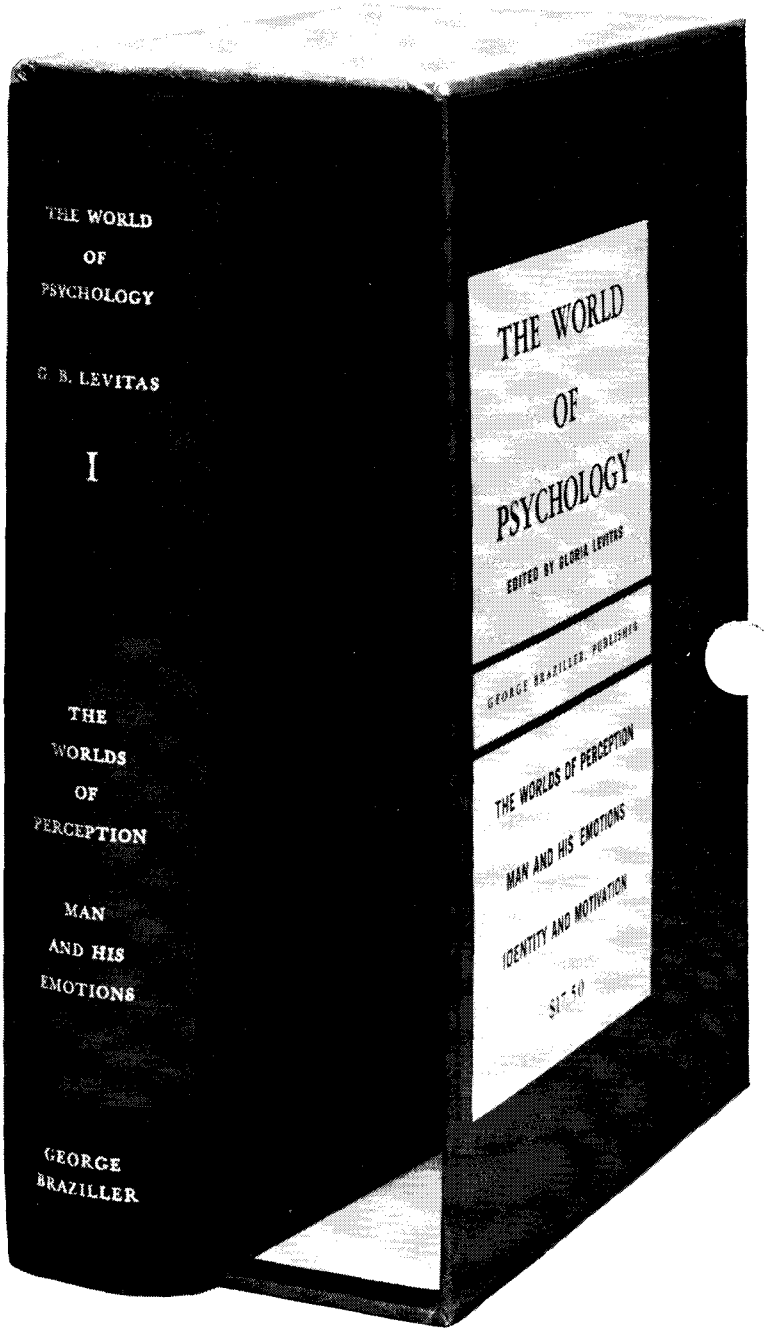

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Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 4, 1964, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 4th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

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The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1963.

SR's 1962 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Ralph C. McGoun, professor of dramatic arts at Amherst College, 1962 winner of the grand prize for color. Professor McGoun won a round-trip to Tokyo for his picture of "Devastation Trail" at the Hawaii National Park.

James Gianelos, an engineer from Cleveland, Ohio, 1962 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Gianelos' landscape taken at Einseideln, Switzerland, won him a round-trip to London.

PHOTO AWARDS ➔

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Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1962, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture: date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1963, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to **January 4, 1964.** Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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Continued from page 26

tache, and of old Frau Sacher herself, their old ivy-covered country house. :k in the manager's office, far from ..e traveler's eye, hangs an old tablecloth on which Frau Sacher importuned her famous guests to sign their names. Later she would go over the signature with an embroidery needle. Today the Sacher's sidewalk café is still a pleasant place in which to stop, sink into a deep chair, and survey one's life. And there hardly exists a café more in the Viennese manner than the Sacher's own, where the newspapers hang on racks in the accepted manner and the pastry arrives in a cumulus overhang of whipped cream. The *Sachertorte*, first made by the ancestors of the Sacher family in 1832, is now packaged and ready for sale in a variety of sizes from the circumference of a silver dollar to that of a cartwheel. It comes in cartons or even wooden boxes in case you want to ship it, say, to Pernambuco, each cake affixed with the milk-chocolate seal of authenticity.

All these trappings, as well as the fact that *Sachertortes*, with the name Sacher properly inscribed atop the chocolate frosting, now appear in bakeries the world over, do their bit fill the house. The hotel has modnized its rooms, but it has tried to keep some of the old Frau Sacher trappings, too. In some chambers paintings in gilded frames hang over the modern bedsteads, but others succumb completely to the day of Maria Theresa and pave the floors with Oriental rugs, hang Murano mirrors from the walls and crystal chandeliers from the ceilings, spread lace tablecloths over the tables, and, in short, do everything but pipe Strauss and Mozart through the Muzak.

For the real thing in the proper setting, one has, of course, only to trip across the street to the reborn opera house. On the night I was in the audience, the company was hard at work on *Ariadne auf Naxos*, a less familiar work by Richard Strauss on which, with due respect to the adjoining departments of this journal, I shall not comment. I would like to say that the house itself is perhaps a little less ornate than I imagined it might be, but it caters carefully to the taste and comfort of its patrons. What a delight, during the intermission, to find caviar sandwiches waiting, and cold wine ady to be poured.

\s for dining in full fanfare, there :, first of all, the hotels—the Imperial, Sacher, and Ambassador Krantz—all of which I have mentioned, and the Bristol, also recently refurbished, which I have not. The tourists, particularly the first-cabin travelers, are in the habit of dropping their bags in their suites and hotfooting it over to the Drei Hussaren, which is located at Weihburggasse No. 4. It is virtually brimming over with flickering candles, tinkling piano music, fresh flowers, and prices to suit the clientele. I mean if it's *that* expensive, it *has* to be good. My friend, Mr. Joseph Wechsberg, who domiciles himself in Vienna and from that center of *Schlag* and Strauss writes on musical and epicurean matters, directed me to an establishment known as the Weisser Rauchfangkehrer, or the White Chimney Sweeper. I must say that I found it on no printed list of recommendations, probably because it wouldn't fit on three lines, but I tried it nonetheless, and found it an engaging den partitioned into tiny cubbyholes where the customers sat while being attended by a squad of hectic waitresses. It was native Viennese all right, the price for two was less than $5, and the main attraction was ourselves since we were the only tourists in the place.

LOCAL friends took us to the Balkan Grill, which serves original *Balkan Spezialitäten* from the grill and spit. We had just come from the homelands of the Balkan kitchen, so we were not, perhaps, as overwhelmed as those whose travels do not take them onward. The menu is full of Serbian dishes, some of which are even decipherable on the menu. Griechenbeisl is small and colorful, and Kerzenstüberl is going through a certain vogue because it was here that Mrs. Kennedy—oh, you know the one!—appeared suddenly for lunch one day while the President was off with Mr. Khrushchev.

It might be helpful to have in hand or head a brief glossary of culinary terms peculiar to Austria. Coffee, for instance, as ordered in a café, comes in a variety of forms. It may be accompanied simply by *schlag* or whipped cream. If it is black coffee and whipped cream in a tall glass it becomes an *einspänner*. Put in a little milk and it is a *kapuziner*. Add more milk and it will be either a *Schale braun*, a *Schale gold*, or a *Schale licht*. When it gets right down to half and half, it is called a *melange*.

Soups are frequently floating with things of mysterious shape and unpronounceable names. A *knoedel*, for example, may be any size from golf ball to baseball, and may very well be stuffed; it can also be served with meat. A *nockerl* is about the same as an Italian *gnocchi*, although it is shaped long like a hot dog and is made of cereal. A *frittaten* is like a pancake except that it has been cut into strips like a noodle and is generally found in soups. *Leberknoedel*, should you run into that mutation, is dark brown because it has been made with liver.

I could go on like this at some length, particularly in the matter of Vienna's pastries, but there are, strange as it may seem, other things to do in Vienna besides eat. Shopping is one, and in that regard there is such an assortment of specialties that when the communists held a youth congress here some years ago, they spread the propagandist word among the flock that the goods in the window were only for show and could not be bought. Of its own specialties there are petit-point handbags and compacts, not an item of my own particular taste, but still the best in Europe and far less than the cost at home. Leather goods in handbags and luggage are deftly done, and the hand-knit sweaters, both embroidered and plain cashmeres, ought to be examined. *Dirndls*, *lederhosen*, and other yodel clothes are not exactly in short supply, and shown in sizes for small children they are difficult indeed to turn aside.

Most of the shopping areas are within walking distance of the main hotels, and the Viennese have even built underpasses beneath their main thoroughfares in an effort to help save the pedestrian and help speed the traffic. Taxis are available, of course, but they are driven, I had better warn you, as if there were no tomorrow. After a look at Vienna's accident record it is clear that for many of them there isn't.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(*First of two articles on Vienna.*)

Rathaus (Town Hall) in the Ring.

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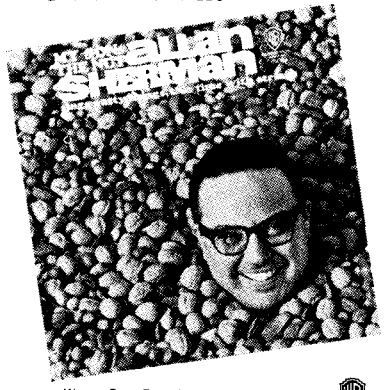

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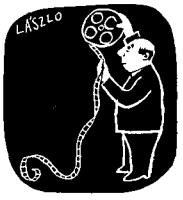
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Lily White, Simon Pure

UNLIKELY though it may seem, it is pure coincidence that brings *Lilies of the Field* into the theatres just at the time when our nation's strained interracial tensions have reached the snapping point. Films are too long in the making to permit the kind of prescience necessary for such headline-topping. And while *Lilies* was finished last spring, its distribution was delayed for several months—again, not with an eye to the headlines, but in the belief that it might be helpful to garner a few accolades at the European festivals beforehand. United Artists, the distributors, were 100 per cent right: Their picture won praise from the foreign press and from our own State Department, and Sidney Poitier, the film's sole star, was awarded top acting honors at the recent Berlin Festival.

In all probability, the march of events will lend a coloration to *Lilies* that is neither implicit in its script nor intended by its makers. It is not an aggressive film, and certainly not a militant one. Its modest premise (modest, yet revolutionary in American films) is the delineation of a central character whom one admires as a human being, not sympathizes with as a Negro. Indeed, throughout the entire film there are



only two lines that make even tangential reference to Mr. Poitier's pigmentation. He is first and foremost a man—a charming, cheerful, helpful, long-suffering, and occasionally weak man who also happens to be colored.

To sustain this color blindness realistically, James Poe's loving and humor-filled script introduces Homer Smith (Poitier), an independent, itinerant handy man, into a sisterhood of indigent nuns. Refugees from East Germany, they have taken up residence on some barren acres willed to their order in Arizona, acres that the strong-willed Mother Superior is determined to bring under cultivation, and on which she will build her "shapel." When Homer drives in for water for his boiling radiator, Mother Maria instantly snatches him up as the instrument of God's work.

Reluctantly at first, but with increasing enthusiasm for a project in which he can taste the joys of personal accomplishment, Homer builds the chapel. So dedicated is he that when neighboring townspeople drive out to help, he sulks. "I wanted to build it myself," he protests to the Mother Superior. But to the single-minded Mother, completion of the "shapel" is more important than Homer's gratification. Homer has a moment of triumph as he signs his name beneath the Cross of the completed building, then he slips away into the night on the eve of its dedication.

Small wonder that Sidney Poitier, dedicated to the cause of his people, undertook this role at a third of his normal salary—and says that he would have assassinated any other actor who got the part. Poitier's infectious enthusiasm, however, is merely the most visible manifestation of rare *esprit de corps* that sustained the entire production. Working within an extremely low budget, producer-director Ralph Nelson managed to secure, in addition to his star, such top talents as screenwriter Poe, whose most recent credit is *Toys in the Attic*, cinematographer Ernest Haller, who photographed *Gone with the Wind*, and composer Jerry Goldsmith, whose big-budget scores include *Freud* and *The List of Adrian Messenger*. Nelson won them not with money, but with the shared conviction that, in his words, "it was something we could not afford not to do."

WORKING with an extremely tight, fourteen-day shooting schedule, Nelson managed to secure performances from professionals and nonprofessionals alike (himself included) that have a marvelously "right" feeling about them, and particularly from Lilia Skala as Mother Maria, Dan Frazer as a disillusioned young priest, and Stanley Adams as the pragmatic proprietor of the local chili parlor. Poitier, of course, is a joy throughout.

Since *Lilies of the Field* is the kind of "idea" picture that we had begun to associate exclusively with the East Coast, no small part of its pleasure is the discovery that a western front is also opening up. Not that it represents the ultimate in interracial films: Until Sidney Poitier can play a character like "Hud" and be recognized as an evil man, not a bad Negro, we still have a long way to go. But *Lilies* does take a giant stride in the right direction.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Continued from page 25

is a classically trained, Renaissance-admiring, rationalist, individualistic humanist. Yet this is to leave out his very real vein of idiosyncratic fantasy, his individualism, which is not merely theoretical but shows in his rhythms, his imagery, his lightness of touch that reminds one at once of Latin poetry and of the painting of Matisse. This color and ability to think beyond images, composing pictures that one could take up a pencil and draw, show from the first:

> The dogs' tails tick like metronomes,
> Their barks encore the sticks you throw,
> The sallow clouds yawn overhead,
> The sagging deck-chairs yawn below.
> I wish I had my marble clock
> To race those minatory tails . . .

MacNeice has responded intelligently to such movements as the politics of the Thirties and surrealism, without ever having become subject to them. His long poem "Autumn Journal" (included in this selection) is an interesting experiment in poetic diary-making which conveys the climate of the Thirties better than any other poem of that time.

First and last, MacNeice is an immensely skilled technician. His poems rank very high in the work of this century, and it is a pity that they are not more read; in addition to being very good, they give real pleasure.

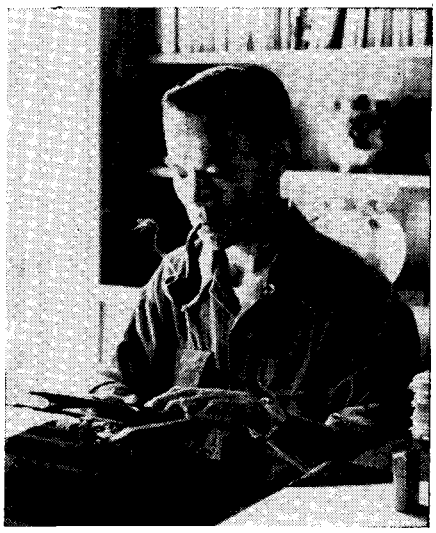
Distillation of the Sino-Soul

Twentieth Century Chinese Poetry: An Anthology, *translated and edited by Kai-yu Hsu (Doubleday. '64 pp. $5.95), samples contemporary folklore as well as nearly fifty modern writers. Robert Payne edited "The White Pony" and "Contemporary Chinese Poetry."*

By ROBERT PAYNE

THE MAKING of an anthology is an act of creation, demanding from the anthologist the utmost patience and erudition and unfailing tact. An anthology should be compiled with the nerve-ends. Every page is critical, and every error destroys the balance of the rest. The result—the inevitable result—is that there is scarcely a handful of anthologies that deserve a second glance. In England there was Walter de la Mare, who could knit poems together so that in some magical way they formed a continuous poem greater than the several parts. In this country I remember with gratitude Selden Rodman's two collections called *One Hundred American Poems* and *A Hundred Modern Poems.* They had authority; they were in the best sense creative; and they accomplished exactly what they set out do. But most of our present anthologies of poetry seem to be the work of an informed mind, but of a pair of scissors and a pot of paste.

Anthologies of foreign poetry are even harder to come by. They pour out of the presses, but we rarely have the feeling that they fulfill their proper function of displaying the living heart of another culture. Something is usually missing: the translation is inadequate, or the selection is careless, or the pieces do not fit together. We need rather desperately anthologies in English of modern German, French, and Russian poets especially, but I know none that are satisfactory. Also we need translators of genius, or at least of very great talent, and where shall we find them?



Kai-yu Hsu—"Scissors and paste are mercifully absent."

Kai-yu Hsu's anthology of modern Chinese poetry is therefore something of a landmark. It does exactly what an anthology should do. Scissors and paste are mercifully absent. The editor has obviously pored over hundreds of books of poetry, and read thousands of poems, before extracting the poetical essence of half a century. There is nothing niggardly in his selection: nearly fifty poets are represented, and at least half of them have never been translated before. They range from the familiar stalwarts Hsu Chih-mo, Wen Yi-tuo, Pien Chih-lin, and Mao Tse-tung to the unknown authors of folk poems written only a few years ago; and the effect is to suggest the entire sweep of a civilization pouring into poetry. With impeccable taste the editor has chosen exactly those poems that are most illuminating.

Hesitancies, incongruities abound. We find poets like Feng Chih who have modeled their verses on Rilke, and many other poets who are saturated with Western idioms; and then we turn a page and come upon a poem that seems to have sprung out of the ancient mythological past. The gentleness, the naïveté, and the sudden blinding rush, which are characteristic of ancient Chinese poetry, have continued into the present: only a few poets have followed Wen Yi-tuo in deliberately disciplining their minds. Even under the Communists the richness of coloring has been maintained, though it must be confessed that the poems in honor of Mao Tse-tung have a strident silliness that may eventually be more disturbing to the regime than to us.

But these poems, too, have their rightful place in an anthology that aims at completeness. T'ien Chien, who was called "the drummer of the new age" by Wen Yi-tuo, wrote poems like a scattering of machine-gun bullets even before the Communists came to power, and he has many imitators; but for some reason the bullets are never quite convincing, and they will sometimes turn into confetti or garlands in midflight. There are surprisingly few bitter poems: and even the Communist poets write poems to the imperturbable moon and the risen sun, forgetting that they are paid to encourage Marxist-Maoism.

Kai-yu Hsu has compiled an anthology packed with meat. His introductions to the various poets are brief and sensible, and they keep the ball rolling, with the result that you can read the book straight through with the feeling that you are reading a single poet who speaks in all the tongues of China. It is quite easily the best anthology of modern Chinese poetry now available.

> It take good hoes to till the land,
> It takes good singers to sing songs.
> Now that everyone is a singer
> Our songs make the Yangtze River flow backwards.
>
> —*From a folksong of Anhwei Province.*

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The Barriers to Miss Barrett

Mrs. Browning: A Poet's Work and Its Setting, *by Alethea Hayter (Barnes & Noble. 261 pp. $6), insists that there is much of value to be recovered in the writings of an author long branded with the stigma of Victorian sentimentality. Morse Peckham's latest book is "Beyond the Tragic Vision: The Quest for Identity in the Nineteenth Century." He also edited, with Seymour Chatman, "Word, Meaning, Poem."*

By MORSE PECKHAM

IT IS possible to develop a taste for the music of Liszt, but it is not easy. The first two-thirds of *Tasso* is fascinating, but then, to our ears, the work goes to pieces in an extravagance of bombast. The same experience can baffle us with Delacroix; suddenly our pleasure and our feeling are chilled by something that is utterly closed to us. Some attitude is betrayed, or revealed, with which we can have no sympathy, to which we cannot respond. Balzac poses the same problem: *La Cousine Bette* can summon our profoundest respect and attention, but what are we to do with *Séraphita*? Indeed, there is hardly a work of art created in a style that emerged in the 1830s or 1840s that is not, to us, in spite of the utmost effort of the historical imagination, terribly flawed. Scarcely one does not exhibit something that today we feel compelled to reject.

But even when we deny the artistic validity of these unsympathetic areas in the work of the Transcendental artist, we do so, if we have any conscience, with a secret uneasiness, a half-awareness that there is a justification for what appears to us to be failures. It is as if some element in the cultural situation that, if we could understand it, would let us respond to its consequences remains mysterious, closed, inaccessible. It is too easy to condemn what we call tasteless extravagance, because we know how much we are victimized by the taste of our own cultural context. It sometimes seems as if these artists were making a colossal effort to hurl themselves through a hitherto impenetrable barrier. To them, and to their contemporaries, they succeeded; but we today cannot even imagine what that barrier was.

It is with this problem that Alethea Hayter is attempting to deal in her book on the poetry of Mrs. Browning. It is a book everyone interested in English poetry of the nineteenth century can be grateful for. Not the least of its blessings is that Miss Hayter turns to Mrs. Browning's private life only when it is truly useful in illuminating the poetry. "Biographers," Miss Hayter says, "might give her private life a rest," and she has introduced only enough of it to show how current notions of Mrs. Browning's personality are false—either sentimentalized or made unduly horrific—and how they interfere with any attempt to come to grips with the poetry. Further, Miss Hayter writes informally and exceedingly well; she is interesting and entertaining. I confess that I had given up on Mrs. Browning; but Miss Hayter has persuaded me to try again—even *Aurora Leigh*, which, after several previous attempts, I shuddered away from. Happily, Mrs. Browning is no heroine in this book; the author is agreeably frank about what she considers to be the failures. But she does insist that there is much of value to be recovered and she attempts to make a first sorting of the still useful from the probably forever useless. Her book is, primarily a series of assertions about poetic values and their embodiment in Mrs. Browning's works.

This is Miss Hayter's strength. Without, apparently, being keenly aware of the problem, she has somehow made herself accessible to what the rest of us judge to be tasteless extravagance, and she has suggested that these very qualities had a profound and lasting effect upon the subsequent course of poetry in English. She offers herself as a kind of model for reading Mrs. Browning, and in this she has done something most important. She has given us an attitude that will help us into the problem. And it is a problem; for people whose intelligence and sensitivity one must respect have had what seems to us an almost incomprehensible admiration for Mrs. Browning's poetry.

Miss Hayter, however, does not discuss the fact that the problem of Mrs. Browning is that of the Transcendental style. The full conceptualization of that problem must be done by others, just as the full exploration of how it manifests itself in Mrs. Browning's poetry still remains. In the meantime, this volume is the only really useful book on its subject in existence.

A Paradise Lost to the Puritans

The Sublime Puritan: Milton and the Victorians, *by James G. Nelson (University of Wisconsin Press. 209 pp. $4.50), seeks the reasons behind the nineteenth-century condemnation of the poet as warped, stern, and sour. J. Max Patrick, who teaches Milton in New York University Graduate School, is currently writing a book on "Milton and Sex."*

By J. MAX PATRICK

JAMES G. NELSON'S pioneer analysis of Milton among the Victorians deliciously exposes their fallacies, appreciates their sounder insights, and gives a history of nineteenth-century taste. At first they gushed in raptures over his sublimity and swooned over a multitude of imitation epics that tried to improve on him. Later, when evolution made them doubt religion, they ended by lauding his artistry. Elizabeth Barrett Browning felt "giddy" and was tempted to run her head "against the wall" when she viewed a first edition of *Paradise Lost*. Thomas Henry Huxley was less enthusiastic: he credited Milton, not Moses, with the theory of direct creation of the universe. Oscar Wilde patterned a poem about the massacre of Bulgarian Christians on "Revenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered Saints." And Gerard Manley Hopkins, though prizing Milton's art, regarded him as a "bad man."

Nelson traces such denunciations of Milton's character and personality to Tory propagandists who falsely alleged that the Puritans were "severe and horribly warped," and shows how the Victorians almost universally regarded him as sour and unamiable. But Nelson fails to explain the persistence of this fallacy today. The answer lies in psychology. Those who regard the

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poet with antipathy are consciously or subconsciously reacting against stern parents or harsh misconceptions of God: they project their resentments against Milton, distorting him into an unlovable father figure and authority symbol.

Certainly Milton was no mirth-forbidding Puritan. The word "joy" occurs twice as often in his works as does "sorrow" or "woe." Jonathan Richardson reported that he was "Delightful Company, the Life of the Conversation." He loved music and art, brought a book of "naughty" riddles back with him from Italy, delighted in the friendship of young men, and made even the devil fascinating. He is best regarded as an individualistic, broadly tolerant, flexible Protestant who held heretical views on the Trinity, advocated separation of church and state, and contended that a couple joined by matrimonial rites and physical relations were not truly married if they did not love each other, and should be divorced. In practice he never joined a Puritan sect, but was baptized, confirmed, and buried as a member of the Church of England.

Nelson's exploration of nineteenth-century attitudes toward the "Prince of Poets" is an admirable and scholarly revelation of the Victorian temper and its variety. It may also serve as a warning against the proneness of an age to serious misinterpretation. For the Victorians missed the point of Milton's epics. They were overfascinated by Satan, overeager to be thrilled by vague sublimity, overwilling to recreate Milton in their own image. His prime lesson, that willing obedience to God brings joy, growth, and perfection and that victory belongs not to the heroic but to the humble and meek, escapes them completely. By exposing what Milton meant to Victorian society, Nelson has thrown into relief the strength of twentieth-century criticism.

Esthetics of Eden: Anne Davidson Ferry's *Milton's Epic Voice: The Narrator in "Paradise Lost"* (Harvard University Press, $4.25) is serious and controlled, but it suffers from the standard fault of all such admirably sensitive "readings": it seems to have no function except to reveal the author's undeniable powers to her colleagues. It is sad and ironic that the only audience that will care to read a tactful, subtle book on *Paradise Lost* will probably already possess the qualities that Mrs. Ferry urges upon it with such grace: a sensitivity to the nuances of diction, an awareness of the presiding force of *genre*, and a sophisticated perception of the element of the *persona* even in didactic discourse.

—Paul Fussell, Jr.

Fiction

Continued from page 23

berg, as "The Child of Europe," and has erected another monument to his memory. —Joseph P. Bauke.

Calcified Country: *Caravans* (Random House, $5.95), by the man who wrote *Tales of the South Pacific*, is a frequently interesting Baedeker about Afghanistan disguised as a scenario disguised as a novel. It's best as a Baedeker, a sort of cultural, sociological gazetteer of an underdeveloped and underknown country—"one of the most inconspicuous nations on earth," James Michener accurately calls it. As scenario, *Caravans* requires very little work; some of the dialogue is a bit self-conscious at times, but the lines for the actors are all there, and the script has got just about everything: a beautiful Bryn Mawr blonde from Pennsylvania who marries an Afghan and hasn't been heard from for thirteen months, a young American diplomat who means well, reactionary *mullahs*, women in *chaderi*, wolves (four-legged), war, love, the desert, a full moon. About all that's left to do is the casting. As a novel it's not at all overwhelming; in fact, the novel, it seems, was almost an afterthought—simply a narrative structure on which hangs the really interesting story of Afghanistan trying to shake off centuries of calcification. This, in other words, is a novel that should have an index, and the idea may have struck Mr. Michener, too, because he does add a note to the reader as an epilogue, in which he briefly but informatively discusses developments in Afghanistan since 1946, the time of the book.

The novel is populated with a whole variety of characters, but the protagonist is easily Afghanistan. For this Michener is to be applauded; he has managed to recreate some of the feelings, the tensions in that land-locked country in the process of agonizing modernization. It's easy to say all right, all an underdeveloped country needs is to become technological and everything will be dandy. Michener makes it clear—and this is one of the stronger things about the book—that it isn't all that simple: the transition to modernization, to nation-building requires drastic changes in the social patterns of a country; the old patterns do not easily or willingly surrender to the new requirements. It's a struggle, often a convulsive struggle, and this battle of the new trying to replace the old comes through these pages.

As for the novel, it's about this young lady in revolt against U.S. values, Ellen Jaspar, who is missing in Afghanistan, and the young diplomat—Mark Miller—stationed at the American embassy in Kabul, who's dispatched to find her. His search takes him through some of the most remote parts of Afghanistan, and, as the miles pile up, he tells the story of Afghanistan, its customs and traditions, its brutality and beauty. This part of the book is by far the best, and it may turn out that Michener, perhaps even more than the cold-war competition for this kingdom, will help put Afghanistan on the map. —Bernard Kalb.

"It's not fair! You have only to be your own sweet lovable self, while I must continually fight my nasty disposition and terrible temper."

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SR's Check List of Current Books

Art

THE ART OF ROME AND HER EMPIRE. By Heinz Kahler. Crown. $6.95.

ROMANESQUE SCULPTURE. Edited by Harald Busch and Bernd Lohse. Text by Hans Weigert. Macmillan. $12.95.

Current Affairs

THE FALLEN SKY: Medical Consequences of Thermonuclear War. Edited by Saul Aronow, Frank Ervin, M.D., and Victor W. Sidel, M. D. Hill & Wang. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.50.

THE FREE WORLD AND FREE TRADE. By Harry S. Truman. Southern Methodist Univ. Press. $5.

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ESSAYS IN AESTHETICS. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Wade Baskin. Philosophical Library. $3.75.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Dan Jacobson. Macmillan. $3.95.

VIEW FROM A HEIGHT. By Isaac Asimov. Doubleday. $4.50.

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CITIES OF THE FLESH. By Zoé Oldenbourg. Translated by Anne Carter. Pantheon. $5.95.

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THE LAST LOVE. By Thomas B. Costain. Doubleday. $5.95.

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History

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THE HISTORY OF GEOGRAPHY: Papers by J.N.L. Baker Presented by His Pupils. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

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WELLINGTON'S PENINSULAR VICTORIES: Busaco, Salamanca, Vitoria, Nivelle. By Michael Glover. Macmillan. $5.

Literary History, Criticism

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AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILO JUDAEUS. By Erwin R. Goodenough. Barnes & Noble. $4.

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THE POOR PAY MORE: Consumer Practices of Low-Income Families. By David Caplovitz. Free Press. $5.50.

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Population

Continued from page 12

in Latin America. These countries questioned the existence of a population problem, challenged the right of the United Nations to discuss it, and opposed a U.N. program in family planning financed by funds to which they were contributing.

A third viewpoint was expressed by a substantial number of countries including France, some French African countries, and some Latin American nations. These countries conceded the existence of population problems in some areas but argued that U.N. action should be deferred pending further study. This group opposed the technical assistance section and proposed an inquiry into population problems.

A fourth viewpoint was expressed by the Soviet bloc, which expounded the traditional communist position that Western discussions of the population problem were based on "neo-Malthusian fallacies" and that population problems ceased to exist under communism.

This communist line was poorly received by the Assembly. At least one representative of a less developed ntry chided the Soviets for favoring nning in all sectors of economic life cept the human sector—the one most important in its implications for economic and social growth.

The negative Soviet statement in the population debate was followed by a significant shift in the communist line. When it came time to vote, the Soviet bloc did not oppose, but merely abstained, on the General Assembly resolution.

What is even more surprising, the Soviet representative at the recent meeting of the Economic and Social Council commended the United Nations for its work in the population field, agreed that population growth is an urgent problem for less developed countries, and announced the willingness of the Soviet Union to provide technical assistance in the demographic field.

This change in the Soviet position on population in the United Nations follows reports of increasing resort in recent years to birth control and abortion within the Soviet Union and some other bloc countries and of Khrushchev's personal interest in a recent publication stressing the economic dangers of overpopulation.

The recent discussions at the United ions may signal a new era of Soviet propaganda on the subject of population. Whether because of internal problems, or a desire to cultivate the favor of less developed countries, or both, the Soviet Union now appears ready to exercise leadership in action programs in the population field.

What conclusions can we draw from the United Nations debates on the population problem? What forms of international cooperation should we be seeking on this subject?

I believe there is an emerging consensus on the subject of population. This review of the recent United Nations debate has emphasized the differences between the member countries. Yet this debate—just as recent discussions within our own country—also revealed a large measure of common ground.

The desire for increased knowledge about population trends, particularly in relation to economic and social development, is now nearly universal. We have emerged from uncertainty about the existence of the world population problem to a concern about what can and should be done about it.

Moreover, we can see that there is no significant body of responsible opinion of any major religious, ethical, or ideological persuasion that advocates totally unplanned or unregulated fertility, although there are sincere differences of opinion about the means that are morally permissible and the effectiveness of available means.

We note, also, virtually universal agreement—on both ethical and practical grounds—that decisions about responsible parenthood can be made only by individual parents themselves in the light of their responsibilities to their children and their society, and to the moral values that govern all.

THE time has come to develop out of this consensus a blueprint for international cooperation that recognizes both the politics and economics of the population problem.

The fundamental concept in such a blueprint should be the principle of free choice. Differences continue to exist among religious groups on specific methods of family planning. When it comes to implementation of population policy, the views of all groups and countries should be respected. The United Nations already has authority to grant technical assistance in population problems at the request of member governments. As a practical matter, however, it is unnecessary to earmark U.N. funds for those particular activities in the population field on which members are seriously divided. Potential U.N. resources, in both funds and personnel, for the implementation of family planning programs are minus-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ANOTHER MAN'S POISON

The human race is often critical of the food that is set before it, and if the critic is an author he is likely to dress his criticism in biting, witty words, witness these instances chosen by Lysander Kemp of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. Who wrote which is revealed on page 38.

1. Why do they always put mud into coffee on board steamers? Why does the tea generally taste of boiled boots? ( ) Thomas Earle Welby
2. Outside the church door I recklessly bought and ate something (it cauterized me as it went down) wrapped in a tortilla. ( ) William Makepeace Thackeray
3. They made half a pound of gorgonzola last from Liverpool to San Francisco, and towards the end, it kept escaping into the top-gallants and had to be brought back by search parties. ( ) Gerald Brenan
4. Bouillabaisse is only good because cooked by the French, who, if they cared to try, could produce an excellent and nutritious substitute out of cigar-stubs and empty matchboxes. ( ) Charles Flandrau
5. His favorite breakfast dish—a bowl of *migas* or maize polenta heaped with fried sardines with a sauce of hot chocolate poured over it. ( ) P. G. Wodehouse
6. "Turbot, sir," said the waiter, placing before me two fishbones, two eyeballs, and a bit of black mackintosh. ( ) Norman Douglas

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cule compared to the resources in member countries. In the society of the free world there is a wide variety of assistance from governments, foundations, universities, private business, and international organizations.

ALL of these organizations contribute something in the field of population, and can make more substantial contributions in the future. What we need is an international division of labor—taking account of comparative political, economic, and technical advantage of the different sources of potential assistance.

The following is a rough blueprint of a program of international cooperation that the United States will be supporting in the months ahead with respect to the key elements of the population problem:

1) *Information and Analysis.* As noted earlier, there is a need for more demographic information and analysis, particularly on the interrelation between population growth and economic and social development. Since there is universal agreement on this need, all governments and international organizations, as well as private institutions, can play a significant role.

The United States will continue to support the expansion of U.N. demographic activities. The Agency for International Development will respond to requests for assistance from developing countries in preparing, executing, and analyzing population censuses, and in utilizing demographic data and analyses in social and economic planning. It will do this both by making United States advisors available and by training experts from the developing countries themselves.

2) *Medical Research.* There seems to be widespread agreement on the need for more knowledge about the basic life processes that govern childbearing, and this information should be made more available to the world so that everyone can make his own judgment. We also need more knowledge on how to overcome both involuntary childlessness and involuntary parenthood through measures that are consistent with religious, cultural, and economic differences. We need particularly a great deal more study of human fertility and reproduction.

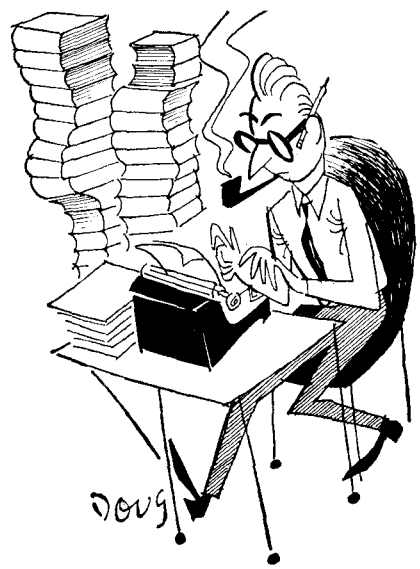
We support studies to this end through our own national institutes of health. Moreover, we favor the conduct of such studies through the United Nations, specifically through the medical research program of the World Health Organization. At the World Health Assembly in Geneva in May the United States called for more WHO-sponsored research in the medical aspects of human reproduction and pledged $500,000 to help WHO move in this direction.

3) *Health and Social Services.* The major obstacle to the implementation of family planning policies in the less developed countries is the lack of a network of health and social services to implement policy at the village level. The development of such an institutional structure is desirable not only for its own sake but also for the implementation of family planning policies. It commands widespread endorsement and should be the object of intensified efforts by governments and private institutions as well as by United Nations agencies.

4) *The Implementation of Family Planning Programs.* This is the only area in which major disagreements exist and may continue to exist for the foreseeable future. Countries seeking help in the implementation of family planning programs should have access to the many sources of assistance available throughout the world.

WHILE the United States will not advocate any specific family planning policy to any other country, we can help other countries, upon request, to find potential sources of information and assistance on ways and means of dealing with population problems. The provision of materials for this purpose can best be accomplished by those governments whose citizens are not divided on this question, and by private foundations and business firms.

Implementation of this blueprint will require flexibility and imagination. Much has already been accomplished in arousing the world's concern with the population problem. Our further challenge is to devise programs of action founded on the principle of free choice that make sense in political as well as technical terms.



Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 15

William Faulkner: *A Fable*
J. R. R. Tolkien: *The Kings of the Ring*
T. H. White: *The Once and Future King*
Saul Bellow: *The Adventures of Augie March*
John Hersey: *The Child Buyer*
Vladimir Nabokov: *Lolita*
C. P. Snow: *The Affair*
Angus Wilson: *The Old Men at the Zoo*
Bernard Malamud: *A New Life*

Which, come to think of it, is a pretty silly list. I probably should have said *Henderson* instead of *Augie March; Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* is probably a better book than *Old Men at the Zoo;* I have forgotten to include any of Peter De Vries's very funny novels and the *Wapshot Chronicle* by Cheever; I have omitted a number of good new novels, including *The Birthday King*. But anyhow, there it is.

A. W. SEAR, JR.

Arcadia, Calif.

HERE ARE MY nominees for the ten best novels published in English in the last ten years:

Sylvia Ashton-Warner: *The Spinster*
Janet Frame: *Owls Do Cry*
Vladimir Nabokov: *Pale Fire*
Flannery O'Connor: *Wide Blood*
John Hawkes: *The Lime Twig*
Alain Robbe-Grillet: *The Voyeur*
Samuel Beckett: *Malone Dies*
William Faulkner: *The Reivers*
Par Lagarkvist: *Death of Ahasuerus*
Ralph Ellison: *Invisible Man*

MRS. MARY H. SCHWARTZ.

Atlanta, Ga.

NO SENSIBLE PERSON should omit *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* by Brian Moore from a list of best novels of the past ten years. It's hard to imagine a finer word-product of the creative mind.

RICHARD L. TOBIN.

Wilton, Conn.

A FEW OF the ten best books published in some language or other *not* in the last ten years:

St. Augustine: *Confessions*
Cervantes: *Don Quixote*
Darwin: *Origin of Species*
Euclid: *Elements*
Freud: *General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*
Montaigne: *Essays*
Pascal: *Penseés*
Plato: *Dialogues*
Sophocles: *Plays*
Swift: *Gulliver's Travels*

DAVID JONES.

Austin, Tex.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 6, 1, 5, 2, 3.

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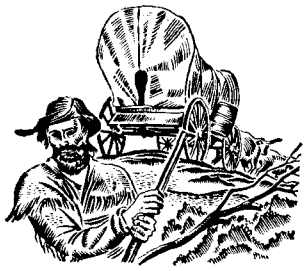

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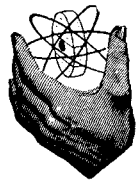

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Books • Personality Portrait LXXXIX • The Research Frontier • Letters

ARTICLE: Hoppety Hypnotism

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

TO RESTORE ADVENTURE TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

BIOLOGISTS are accustomed to think of man's social and political institutions as adaptations of a living species to its environment. The habit might profitably be acquired by the rest of us in our mullings over government. For the selective process of evolution is as inexorable in politics as it is in biological metabolisms. The survivors always are those who are able to accept change as an adventure.

The following report will be concerned with adventure in this grand perspective. The concern arises from a study about to be issued by the Brookings Institution, a private agency created in 1927 to examine problems of public policy, especially those problems related to the Federal government of the United States of America.

After five years of polling public opinion across the country and analyzing the opinions, a scientific team of three—one psychologist and two political scientists—has concluded that the body of men and women who operate the government at the behest of the rest of us is unprepared for adventure at the very time when only an adventuresome spirit can hold American democracy in the evolutionary stream.

This is not a surprising finding. It might have been inferred from the passage of a decade between President Dwight D. Eisenhower's effort to turn the atom toward peace (thwarted by the reluctance of his Atomic Energy Commission chairman, Lewis Strauss) and President John F. Kennedy's attempt to negotiate a nuclear bomb test ban treaty with the U.S.S.R. (brought to signature in spite of the opposition of Strauss's scientific ally, Dr. Edward Teller). Nevertheless, the Brookings' conclusion is disturbing because at the time of its founding in 1789 the government of the U.S.A. was the boldest adventure of its kind ever undertaken by man.

"It is difficult today to realize just how venturesome" it was, reminds the Brookings' study, written jointly by Drs. Franklin P. Kilpatrick, Milton C. Cummings, Jr., and Kent Jennings. "Never in the history of the world had a government based on republican principles attempted to organize and administer so vast a territory. And never before had the administration of so large an area been so directly dependent upon the elected representatives of the people."

THE region encompassed by the new democratic experiment was "greater than Caesar's Rome or the dominions of France at the height of Napolean's power," the study points out. Yet three years after the Federal government came into being, a corps of 780 plus a smaller number of deputy postmasters was administering a public service that "compared favorably with any the world had known." George Washington, the first President of the Union, had set the tone by calling "the first characters of the Union" into the enterprise; he succeeded in his objective to a remarkable degree against the opposing attractions of the already functioning governments of the individual States. Though "then, as now, many individuals were reluctant to leave private life to take a post in the Federal service," the competition for places was nonetheless keen and "on several occasions Washington first learned of the death of a [subordinate] office holder upon receiving an application from a would-be successor."

From the evolutionary point of view, the Brookings' study notes, "the administrative system which the Federalists [under Washington and John Quincy Adams] created with such skill had one fatal weakness that limited its capacity to survive: It was based on aristocratic traditions that in the context of America's rapidly changing society had but one more generation to endure." But "the essentially upper-class nature of the Federal service was not fundamntally changed" until long after repeated changes had occurred in the philosophy of the governing political party.

BY the time Andrew Jackson went to the White House in 1828, the population of the United States had grown from less than 4,000,000 to nearly 13,000,000. With the acquisition of Florida and the Louisiana Purchase, the national territory had more than doubled. Thousands had crossed the mountains each year to establish settlements on the Western frontier, eleven new states had been added to the original thirteen, and all nine of those lying West of the Appalachians supported Jackson, a Westerner.

Jackson favored limited government and as small a public service as possible. But he also believed that Federal office holders should be sympathetic to the purposes of his administration. His inaugural address made clear his conviction that the Federal service should mirror the democracy it was named to serve, and therefore should be subject to appointment by the party in power. Actually, his foul-reputed "spoils system" did not remove a much larger proportion of officeholders than Thomas Jefferson had removed upon taking over the government from the Federalists three decades prior. It was the quality of the new appointees that declined under Jackson, an unfortunate but, the Brookings study suggests, perhaps an inevitable aspect of adaptation to "the vitality and independent spirit" of the people.

The lowering of standards of competence for Federal officeholdings continued through the Civil War and after.

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Abraham Lincoln, faced with the necessity of holding the Republican Party together to prosecute the war, replaced 1,457 of 1,639 presidential officers and authorized removals of subordinate employes on a comparable scale. Even military officers were appointed for political purposes, and, the Brookings' study observes, "the dismal performance in the field of some of the North's political generals cost the Union more than one battle."

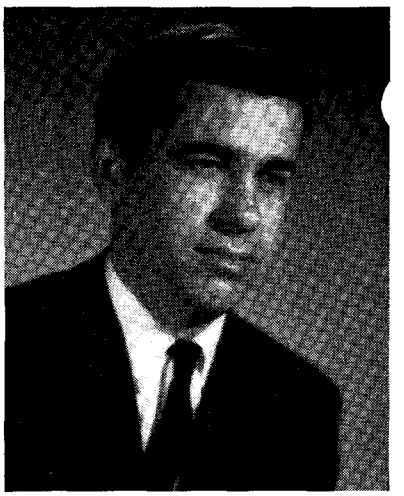
IN the Era of Reconstruction following the Civil War, the excesses that may have been inescapable for Lincoln degenerated into scandal under President U. S. Grant. There was dishonesty in the custom houses, cheating among the laborers in the navy yard, abuse of the Indians, connivance in irregular claims by land agents, and fraudulent pay vouchers for work not performed by surveyors. Popular disgust over the accumulated mess brought the National Civil Service Reform League into being, but not in time to prevent the assassination of President James A. Garfield by a disgruntled office-seeker in 1881.

The shock produced by the President's murder woke capable citizens to the dangers involved in neglecting what originally had been an art but had with time evolved into a science and technology of governing. Not only were the typewriter and telephone firmly established in public offices, but the tools of public service now included the geologist's hammer, the chemist's retorts and the plant pathologist's microscope. Intellectual disdain for the muck of politics turned suddenly into active participation in public affairs for the first time in half a century. Fearful that they might lose the Presidency in the next election, the Republicans in Congress passed the Pendleton Civil Service Act in 1883.

This Act was, as might have been expected, negative. It empowered a Civil Service Commission to discourage agencies of government from following certain practices. It set aside only 14,000 positions in the Federal service that had to be filled by open, competitive examinations. But in 1883 the very idea that government posts should be occupied by people of proven competence was a radical innovation. And, as radical ideas often do, this one had progeny.

One of the men who served on the Civil Service Commission was Theodore Roosevelt. The notion of competence in government appealed to him. When he became President in 1901 he took the notion with him to the White House. At the time he assumed the Presidency, less than half the jobs in the Federal system were covered by merit requirements; at the end of his term, 60 per cent of the positions were being filled by competitive tests. Perhaps more important, the dynamism of his leadership presented participation in government as a challenge, which brought spirited and capable men like Gifford Pinchot, Henry L. Stimson and Felix Frankfurter to Washington, D.C.

—Davis Studio.



—Davis Studio.

THE IMAGE OF THE FEDERAL SERVICE is the dry title chosen for the book in which The Brookings Institution soon will publish some of the liveliest proposals ever made for changing the civil service of the U.S.A. Two political scientists pictured above, Drs. Milton C. Cummings, Jr. (left) and M. Kent Jennings (right) wrote the work as a team under Dr. Franklin P. Kilpatrick (opposite page, above).

The impetus of "T.R.'s" personal sense of excitement in governing kept the challenge alive for some time after he was gone. The weight of the civil service laws, however, fell contrary. Written originally to guard competence from erosion by the ebb and flow of party politics, they gathered defensive strength rather than aggressive force with the passage of time. In 1912, dismissal of a civil servant was made dependent on written charges of unsatisfactory performance. In 1920, pensions were guaranted to those who served the government as a career. Later, low cost life insurance, health insurance, and annual periods of sick leave were added as inducements to experienced competence.

BUT the system lacked the resilience required to cope with crises. Woodrow Wilson, Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, Dwight D. Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy all had to go outside the civil service to find special talents for dealing with global economic collapse, global war, global reconstruction, and global encouragement of poor peoples struggling for freedom and dignity. Although just under 2,500,000 persons are working in the Federal civil service today, the Brookings' study cites an estimate that almost 6,000,000 outsiders are paid by the government for special skills and services through contracts, grants, and similar instruments. Thus the practice of "contracting out" has become institutionalized in a "non-profit" context that rockets income of out-of-government managers and personnel without providing either profits that might be re-invested in private enterprise or savings that could be applied to tax relief.

It was the "contracting out" phenomenon, as much as anything else that led to the Brookings' Institutic study, which began in January 1956. A separate report on that problem is now in preparation, and will be published in due time. The question behind the larger analysis was: Why should it be necessary to "contract out"? Why isn't the civil service itself, encompassing as it does many disciplines of science and specialized technologies, comprehensive enough to handle any task that appropriately can be assigned to the Federal government?

The first result of examination of this question was disconcerting: The civil service had no mechanism for determining what would be the future demands on its resources!

Without knowing the Federal government's personnel needs, it was obviously impossible to say why the needs weren't being met within the civil service. So Dr. Kilpatrick, who outlined the Brookings' research project while serving on the staff of National Analysts, Inc., an opinion surveying agency headquartered in Philadelphia, had to devise another strategy. He used as his baseline the unusual mobility of the American working population. Given the relative freedom from coe cion which exists in American societ place and type of employment become, to a significant degree, matter of personal choice. Why didn't more people choose to apply for civil service examination and thus diversify the pool

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—*Thomas L. Williams.*

PSYCHOLOGIST KILPATRICK is famous for his theory on transactional psychology, which says that the observer always contributes something to an observation. He led the Brookings research team.

of available talents? Apparently work in the government didn't attract them. Was the lack of appeal due to poor rewards for public, as opposed to private, employment? Or was it due to misunderstanding?

Psychologist Kilpatrick, who by this time was on the staff of Brookings and being assisted there by political scientists Cummings and Jennings, drew up a statistical probability survey sample of the population of the United States. In the sample were 5,078 people, of three classes; those currently employed outside the government, those currently employed inside the government, and students not yet employed. Because the problem under analysis was not one of available numbers of applicants for civil service but of available variety of skills among the applicants, the sample was designed to include four scarce categories of civil service listings: executives, natural scientists, social scientists, and engineers. The sample also contained comparable numbers of executives, natural scientists, social scientists and engineers working in the two areas of American society that compete with the government for talent: business and teaching. Each person in the sample was asked 153 questions and given four different opportunities to rate his beliefs and preference. Individual interviews lasted from one hour to two hours and a half. In the end, the Brookings' research team had 5,000 tables and 1,000,000 items of information to digest and interpret. This was the gist of it all:

American workers, in and out of government, are generally satisfied with their jobs, consider themselves better off than they were five years ago, and look forward to an even brighter situation five years hence.

Those who apply for civil service examinations plainly do so because they want to, not because they think they have nowhere else to go.

Those who have not applied for civil service are not likely to apply unless they can see positive advantages in making the change.

Of all the attributes ascribed to civil servants in the Brookings' interviews, the one mentioned most often was honesty.

Hence those who do not apply for civil service examinations are not avoiding an association they fear might involve them in political chicanery.

Those who apply for civil service examination do so principally because they expect to find secure employment as long as they behave themselves and retain their competence. And those who are in the civil service confirm that this expectation is realized.

The greatest appeal of civil service is to the insecure, the less well educated, the less ambitious, the less adventuresome.

The least appeal of civil service is to those the civil service needs most: well trained people with good minds who are willing to try new ideas that could change the fate of men.

Businessmen are the most contemptuous critics of the civil service, and among them the most contemptuous are the engineers.

There is a fixed heirarchy in business in this regard. The better paid the businessman is, the lower he rates civil service. Protestants think less of the civil service than Catholics, Catholics less than Jews. Politically, Republicans find civil service less attractive than Democrats or Independents.

Civil servants in the lower echelons are happy in their work, chiefly because of the security and opportunity to serve their fellows. Civil service executives in the younger age brackets are enthusiastic; older executives are not as frustrated as their counterparts in business would expect to be, although there is considerable resentment against red tape. The experienced civil service executive thinks he could earn more in business, but doubts that business would be as considerate of him.

Outside the civil service, the most faithful exponent of public service is the high school teacher, who is therefore the master key to the future of democracy.

Partly perhaps because of the high school teacher, the brightest pupils in high school have the keenest interest in entering public service.

The greater awareness people have of the real rewards of civil service for individuals of their own capabilities, the less attraction civil service holds. And awareness grows with education and ability.

I MUST now point out, as the Brookings' study point out, that what has just been said was said in terms of statistical averages. There are many highly competent people in the civil service. Without them, the government would have collapsed before now, and the freedom of the Western world might have disappeared.

But although they lack flesh and blood, statistical averages have meaning. And the meaning here is urgent. To meet the challenge, the Brookings research team offers the following proposal to restore adventure to American democracy:

Recognize that the long battle for security in the civil service has been won.

Shift the emphasis of future policy from negative protection to positive opportunity for creative expression in shaping human affairs.

Create a personnel research agency, probably within the Civil Service Commission, to study the positive aspects of public service. Staff the agency with experts drawn equally from government, business, and the universities on a rotating assignment basis with terms of service ranging from six months to two years.

Project the needs of the civil service for five years in advance, revising the estimates yearly.

Use these projections to reduce the waiting time between application for civil service and appointment to the service. This will make government genuinely competitive with business, whose recruiters now have authority to act almost instantly in snaring unusual talent.

Without ceasing present recruitment in the colleges, begin propagandizing the high schools to take advantage of the unusually favorable attitude

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there toward public service. Pupils who go on to college thus may be encouraged to hold public service open as a career possibility instead of turning sour on government during college as the Brookings' study shows students tend to do today.

Adopt the recruiting methods of civil government's toughest competitor for youthful talent—the military services, which incidentally now maintain a reservoir of half a million more people than all the rest of the Federal establishment combined. Offer in-service training to those who cannot afford schooling beyond high school. Provide college education and even graduate study through fellowships and grants for individuals who demonstrate special ability.

Focus appeals for civil service generally on the upper educational and economic levels of the population. People at the lower levels are already sold on the desirability of civil service as a career. And projected shortages in civil service are on the upper levels.

The civil service promotion and pay system works well during the first five years of service. After that, it sags. To correct this weakness, give civil servants progressively expanded autonomy to work out new ideas as they gain experience and rise in rank. Raise the top salary bracket to $25,000 to encourage initiative. At the same time, acknowledge the civil servant's responsibility for success or failure of his ideas by loosening present day restrictions on his transfer or dismissal for cause.

Expand the experienced civil servant's opportunity to keep up with his specialty by attending meetings and participating in research experiments. Simultaneously assign him active responsibility for serving as an ambassador to the outside world, especially to youth.

Accept the President of the United States as spokesman for the upper echelons of civil service. The lower echelons, through force of numbers, already make their opinions felt in the Congress.

In short, the Brookings' study proposes that the civil service be placed on a sound evolutionary footing and that it give men, who are not created equal, an equal opportunity to employ their particular talents in the service of their fellows.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

POSTSCRIPT FROM CANADA

CONCERNING THE ENGINEERS

A Commentary on the Schooling of Those Who, While Sorely Needed in Government, Disdain Work in Public Service

By J. GORDON PARR

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

ALMOST every engineering technical society now has a committee that looks into engineering education, and almost every technical journal prints a monthly article that attempts to analyze University engineering curricula. Although no acceptable solution has been offered (perhaps there is no solution) the problem can be fairly clearly stated: To what extent should University faculties of engineering train engineering technicians; to what extent should they attempt to produce applied scientists?

I would define an engineer as an applied scientist. He does not perform routine calculations on the basis of handbook formulae; he is not a surveyor or a draughtsman or a shift-boss; he does not analyze steel for carbon and manganese. These functions—and they are important functions—belong to the technician.

The engineer attempts to apply the physical sciences—mathematics, physics, chemistry—to solution of problems that affect our standards of living: He tries to design better bridges, to make safer steel, to introduce cheaper petroleum products, to invent better calculating machines. During the course of his work he may quite conceivably find himself doing the same things as the physicist, the chemist, the mathematician. But the engineer is motivated by the urge to improve materialistic standards of living.

The pure scientist may pull a problem from thin air just for the fun of it. It would be dangerously wrong to expect the physicist to tackle problems that are known to have an eventual application; he must be allowed to work on those problems that simply intrigue him. Von Röntgen was not seeking a means of inspecting castings when he discovered X-rays; I suspect that Robert Boyle was not too concerned with steam engines; Chadwick was not preoccupied with the production of nuclear power. But the engineer must have an eventual application in mind.

The dividing line between these original activities of the engineer and routine functions is a vague and a movable one. The engineer working on the structure of alloys may find himself occupied in the technical task of thermal analysis; the engineer analysing vibrating columns may devote a deal of his time to running mechanical tests; the electrical engineer working on transistors may become concerned with the technicalities of electrical circuitry. But so may the medical scientist shake a thermometer, the English scholar check grammar, the lawyer use one of his many handbooks.

Hence, while the engineer may find himself from time to time performing routine functions, his training and his education (his training is given to him, his education is what he gets for himself) should not attempt to equip him for the routine function. His University courses should be designed to acquaint him with the basic sciences and to indicate to him, by reference to recent developments in his specific field, how the sciences may be originally applied. Many University teachers of engineering do not agree with this philosophy, and they are supported in their view by many industrialists. Perhaps this is why we, on the north American continent, find the Japanese such tough competition.

NOW let me contrast the work of the engineer with the work of the engineering technician. The engineer applies mathematics to the design of a new structure; the technician calculates the sizes of the members. The engineer applies physical chemistry to the design of a new alloy for jet engines; the technician measures its strength at temperature. The engineer designs a control circuit; the technician services the circuit.

The training of technicians is, I would think, the job of the technical colleges. But such schools are neither so proliferous nor so socially acceptable

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on the north American continent as ' -v are in Europe. For example, in land, where class distinction is posed to be so pronounced, young people go to techs without feeling socially stigmatized. In America it is socially desirable to go to University. Hence, so far as engineering is concerned, the Universities (which have to seek financial support that eventually comes from the public) serve a dual purpose within a single discipline: both technicians and engineers graduate with a bachelor's degree.

THE composite graduate is not satisfactory. The technician does not possess the grasp of techniques that he should; the potential engineer has been subjected to courses that do not develop his latent abilities. Therefore industrialists who really want an engineer hire a physicist.

Perhaps this is the way things should go: The University engineering faculties should accept the role of training technicians. After all, faculties of dentistry train dental operators. But I would rather think that if faculties of engineering justify a place on University campuses, they should rather fulfill that other function of offering courses t encourage the application of nce to the solution of new problems. Goodness knows, there are enough new problems to solve.

The narrowness of our present engineering curricula is confessed by the practice, in most north American University engineering faculties, of including what are described as "humanities" in the engineering curricula. The purpose of the weekly intrusion of a couple of hours of English literature, three hours of philosophy and an hour of history, is to broaden what apparently is believed to be a narrow engineering curriculum. This approach would be amusing were it not so depressing in its implications. For engineering is as old as history, much older than English literature. It has created a landscape of human behavior, of social development; it cuts through a panorama of philosophy. Engineering, in one or other of its aspects, has brought about the growth and the fall of civilizations; it has been integrated with the deepest philosophies (remember the alchemists); it has affected the thought, the mood, of all of us. We may disparage our contemporary way of life, but it the result of the application of nce; it is the work of the engineer.

The really narrow courses at our Universities are the humanities courses. I appreciate that the men who lecture in the humanities probably have a much broader view than the teachers of engineering, but I am not arguing that point; I am suggesting that their *subject* is narrower. You may argue that a study of—let us say—Dickens involves a large circle of activity with Dickens at its centre: social reform, Victorian morals, subsequent developments in the style of the novel, and so on. And I would argue that a study of—let us say—the heat-treatment of steel involves an even larger circle of activity: our present economy, the cheapness of the printed word, the fall of the Gauls of Innsubres at the hands of the Romans, the availability of bread, the philosophies of the opposites. And you will reply that the heat-treatment of steel is not taught in this way, in a way that attempts to encompass this panorama. But Dickens is not always taught in a much better way. Do not doctoral candidates write theses upon the number of times mulled ale was mentioned in "Pickwick"?

While we are prepared to accept the timelessness of some sort of law, do students of law appreciate this enormity? Are our graduates in medicine really any more humanistic than our graduates in engineering? (It *appears* that they are because the medical technician shakes your pillow when you are sick; the engineering technician simply saves a hundred lives by changing the welding procedure on a bridge structure). Does not the student of modern languages spend a great deal of time learning the business of translation—a purely technical pursuit? Even more frightening, does not the student of education devote himself largely to learning teaching techniques?

The social and political pressures that have permitted—indeed, caused—these effects are obvious enough. The promise of a University education is a good vote-catcher, and the electorate is unaware of the cost of the catch—a cost that is both financially insufferable and culturally intolerable.

Although we seem to be prepared to accept only the very best ball-players for our ball teams, we are reluctant to accept only the very best young scholars for our Universities. We will not face the fact that many of our children are better suited to go into industry, into business, into technical colleges, into trade schools, into manual work. Until we appreciate this fact it is unlikely that we will develop the fullest potential from those equally important young people who have fresh ideas, who are able to do new things, who can be inspired to create original concepts.

J. Gordon Parr is Professor of Metallurgy at the University of Alberta.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

SCIENCE PSALM

THE LORD is my external-internal
integrative mechanism,
I shall not be deprived
of gratification
for my viscerogenic hungers
or my need-dispositions.
He motivates me
to orient myself
towards a non-social object
with affective significance,
He positions me
in a non-decisional situation,
He maximizes my adjustment.
Although I entertain masochistic
and self-destructive id impulses,
I will maintain contact
with reality
for my superego
is dominant.
His analysis and tranquilizers,
they comfort me.
He assists
in the resolution
of my internal conflicts
despite my Oedipal problem
and psychopathic compulsions.
He promotes
my in-group identification.
My personality
is totally integrated.
Surely my prestige
and status
shall be enhanced
as a direct function
of time
And I shall remain
sociologically,
psychologically
and economically
secure forever.

—ALAN SIMPSON AND R. A. BAKER
in *A Stress Analysis*
of a Strapless Evening Gown
and Other Essays
for a Scientific Age
(Prentice-Hall, $3.95)

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXXIX

THE ERUDITE SHEPHERDESS OF HOME-MADE MOONS

Alla Massevich, the Soviet Astronomer

JODRELL BANK, ENGLAND.

THE International Astronomical Union, parent body of all the earth's astronomers, met in Dublin in 1955. During the week before its General Assembly was due to convene, we organized a preliminary conference on radioastronomy at Jodrell Bank under IAU auspices. Attendance had to be limited to 100 scientists, so only a few could be invited from any one country. These included two or three Russian radioastronomers but not the main Soviet delegation to the IAU General Assembly. Our conference had been proceeding for several days when I was called to the telephone. The caller said twenty Russian astronomers were on their way from London to Jodrell Bank. I was, of course, concerned—until the unexpected guests arrived. Then I discovered that the distinguished group was in the charge of a determined young woman whose command of the English language was so good that I thought she must be an interpreter. After listening to her for only a little while I realized that she was interpreting not only the language but also the scientific work of our observatory. Her knowledge of what we were doing, and of the radiotelescope with which we were doing it, amazed me, especially because our instrument then was surrounded by scaffolding and engulfed in engineers intent on adjusting the apparatus. I felt almost redundant in my own institution. For this youthful person from a foreign land, on her first visit to Jodrell Bank, seemed quite capable of guiding strangers around and explaining everything. Later I found out her name: Alla Massevich.

I had been hearing about Alla Massevich for some time. At the age of 36 she was already an unique person in the world. Among other things, she had been for three years Deputy Chairman of the Astronomical Council of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

In the scientific work of the West, women tend to appear predominantly in secretarial or perhaps computational roles. There is more equal partnership of the sexes in Soviet laboratories, as even casual visitors to Russia have noticed. Nowadays it would occasion no surprise if a girl child born in a remote part of the Soviet Union rose to scientific eminence. But Alla Massevich is remarkable even in Russia. The formative part of her career was almost completed before the revolution in Soviet education had any widespread effect. In fact, it is clear that in childhood her success was determined by innate intelligence and strength of will.

THIS charming and erudite woman, fluent in four languages, is of mixed ancestry. Her mother, a medical nurse in the first world war, is Georgian; on the paternal side there is Polish blood—Alla's father was a lawyer, born of a Pole who migrated to the Caucasas. Alla was born in Tbilsi on October 9, 1919, eldest of three children of this marriage. Her sister is a research worker in law, her brother a medical doctor in Leningrad.

Alla went to the local school in Tbilisi. By one of the strange coincidences which so often seem to occur in life, she found and read some popular books on science by Professor Perelman of the Polytechnical Institute in Leningrad. At the age of 13, she wrote Professor Perelman some questions about these books. Thereby she started a correspondence which continued for six years, during which time Perelman sent her many books on astronomy and modern physics, set her many problems, and directed her interests to mathematics and astronomy.

When Alla finished secondary school at the age of 17, she desperately wanted to go to Leningrad to study with Perelman. But her parents objected. Leningrad was too far from home. So a compromise was reached, and Alla entered the University of Moscow in 1937. By that time, Perelman's influence had been decisive. The girl majored in physics, with the aim of specializing in astrophysics and astron

Degree courses in the Soviet universities are long and arduous. Under normal circumstances, Alla would have graduated in 1942. However, the advance of the German army in the second world war necessitated evacuation of the University. Massevich finished her studies and was graduated at the end of 1941. Bombs were falling on Moscow then.

While seeking protection from the bombs in an air raid shelter, Alla met Joseph Fridlander, a metallurgical engineer. He was working at the Institute of Physics and Metals, which was about to be evacuated to Kujbyschev on the Volga. Since the University was in process of transfer to Middle Asia, an urgent decision was necessary. Should they run the risk of never meeting again? Nine days after their first encounter in the air raid shelter, they were married.

So Fridlander and Massevich (who retained her maiden name) were evacuated together with the Institute of Physics and Metals to Kujbyschev. There, as husband and wife, they worked on microanalytical problems in metallurgy. Although safe from bom and the immediate threat of the vancing German army, their life was difficult. Kujbyschev was packed with the diplomatic corps. The newly married couple had to live in one small room which was intensely cold in the winter. Their one diversion was the Bolshoi ballet, which had also been evacuated to this town. The Fridlanders soon became acquainted with the Bolshoi ballerinas.

All who know Massevich today are only too well aware of her vigor and stamina. These characteristics asserted themselves when her passion for astrophysical research was dammed up in Kujbyschev. To her job at the Institute of Metals she added the teaching of astronomy in the Pedagogical (teacher's) College, where she also studied English in the evening.

This hard life continued until the summer of 1943. Then, with the defeat of the German armies in the west, life began to surge back to Moscow. Alla Massevich did what she would normally have done at the end of her student days—joined the Sternberg Astronomical Institute, which had also returned to the capital from wartir refuge at Sverdlosk in the Urals. worked for three years there as aspirant under the direction of Professor Severney, who is now director of the Crimean Astrophysical Observatory.

Alla's research problem concerned the internal energy sources and the struc-

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—*Sovfoto.*

WOMAN'S LOVE IS NOT INCOMPATIBLE WITH SCIENCE. That is plainly a message to be read from the symbols in this photograph of Alla Massevich, the Soviet astronomer, and her ballerina daughter, Natasha. The gay-faced doll lounging in the corner seems entirely at ease in the company of the abacus and the blackboard. The size of Natasha's ribbons may be a reflection of her awareness that another woman in the house is no frump. Anyhow, these two obviously feminine individuals amicably share the affectionate attentions of one man: Alla's husband and Natasha's father, Joseph Fridlander, whom lady visitors from abroad have described as "a good dancer and a fascinating companion."

The scientist-husbands of the ladies aforementioned say the same of Massevich, who is never too absorbed in science during her travels to shop for new clothes, cosmetics and perfumes. "She impresses men," one who has observed her put it simply. "All men—regardless of ideology."

As Sir Bernard Lovell suggests in the accompanying Personality Portrait, Massevich and her husband are genuine enthusiasts of ballet, opera, and books. They are often seen together in the parks with Natasha, at art exhibitions, at parties in the Scientists' House, or at theatre premieres.

Professionally, Alla Masseviich divides her time in equal parts between teaching at the University of Moscow and her duties on the Astronomical Council of the Academy of Sciences. Her role in tracking earth satellites now encompasses radio instruments (witness the telescope at Jodrell Bank) as well as optical devices. Some American astronomers think radio was used in the tracking of Sputnik I; they cite a description of appropriate apparatus which was published in a Soviet journal a few months prior to October 1957; but this point has never been clarified officially, and Sir Bernard discusses only the optical aspects of Massevich's participation in the great event of 1957. The amateur astronomer watch-teams he mentions were anticipated in SR/Research for September 1, 1956—a special issue focussed on the then esoteric subject: "Moon Tracking."

ture of red giant stars. At that time there was little experience in the S.R. with stellar models and almost modern aids to computation. Massevich had, therefore, to proceed through endless calculations the hard way—taking days and weeks over computations which nowadays would be carried out in seconds by a modern computing machine. She concentrated particularly on a model of Betelgeuse with such absorption that stars and their structure began to fill her dreams. She remembers complaining to Severney about this and being answered, "Ah, now you are becoming a real scientist."

This work earned Massevich her candidate's degree (the equivalent of the Ph.D.) in 1946. She continued at the Sternberg Institute after that, pursuing her research on the structure of red giants and beginning one of the first non-static approaches to study of the evolution of the yellow star we call the sun. In 1949 she was appointed University Docent (Lecturer). Three years later she became Deputy Chairman of the Astronomical Council of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. And in 1956, while still only 37 years old, she attained the pinnacle of Professor of Astrophysics in the University of Moscow and the Doctorate of Science.

Alla Massevich is now such a familiar figure to astronomers in the West that it is difficult to believe she first journeyed outside Russia only a little over ten years ago. The occasion was the meeting of the International Astronomical Union in Rome in 1952. There is no doubt that this event was one of the guiding influences in her life, because in Rome she encountered for the first time such famous figures as Otto Struve, Walter Baade and Martin Schwarzschild, whose work (which she previously knew only through scientific periodicals) had shaped her own career. It is not hard to imagine how these encounters stirred her imagination and ambition to work for international collaboration. In 1954 she was in India for the Indian Science Congress, and in 1955 she made her first visit to England on the way to the IAU meeting in Dublin. Her initial appearance in the U.S.A. came in 1957, when she attended the Harvard Conference on Gas Dynamics. Since then she has crossed the Atlantic six times (including a journey in 1959 at the invitation of the American Quakers), has been several times to England and almost everywhere in Europe.

MASSEVICH was intimately associated with the great developments in the U.S.S.R. surrounding the launching of the first artificial satellite of earth, Sputnik. The Academy of sciences had allocated the tracking of the Sputnik to the Astronomical Council, of which Alla was Deputy Chairman. In the Spring of 1957, only six months beforehand, she was confronted with the problem of organizing the optical tracking network.

Astronomers are used to making accurate measurements of time and position—for stars and planets whose movement across the heavens is almost imperceptible. Sputnik I was due to circle the earth in ninety minutes. Entirely new techniques of precision timing and velocity measurements were called for. Massevich ordered new telescopes constructed to assist in the visual tracking. Using aircraft to simulate the Sputnik, she trained leaders at Ashckhabad in Middle Asia—one for each of the seventy projected tracking stations. These

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leaders then were placed in charge of enthusiastic groups of students. On that historic October 4th of 1957 when man's first artificial moon was put into the sky, all seventy stations scattered throughout the Soviet Union were operating successfully.

A year later, photographic methods of tracking satellites were introduced in Russia. Massevich continued in charge of the network, and is still running it today. She proudly displays to visitors her experimental station at Zvenijorod, near Moscow, where new optical tracking arangements are constantly under development. Not the least of her responsibilities is editorial—the production of bulletins containing the vast amount of data collected by her tracking stations.

Alla Massevich is trusted and admired by her countrymen. She had been a member of the Communist Party since 1946. "Ask Massevich," "You must see Massevich," "Massevich will arrange it" are common sounds to those of us who move in astronomical or interplanetary space exploration circles. She is active in the society for popularizing science in the U.S.S.R. She sits on the Praesidium for Soviet-Austrian Relations. She is vice president of the Institute for Soviet-U.S.A. Relations. Beyond her homeland, her talents are equally respected. This year Britain's Royal Astronomical Society honored Massevich by electing her a Foreign Member. The Brazilian Scientific Council for Astronautics also includes her among its membership. She is chairman of the Tracking Group of COSPAR, the international Committee on Space Research which emerged from the International Geophysical Year. And she is vice president of IAU's Commission 44 on astronomical observations made outside the terrestrial atmosphere.

IN private life, Alla Massevich is deeply attached to her only child, Natasha, born in 1953—a sylph-like figure, surely a prima ballerina in the making. Alla regards her daughter's early prowess with a mixture of pride and dismay since, not unnaturally, such a mother probably has visions of her child as an Academician rather than as an adornment of the Bolshoi.

Alla herself is fond of music, but does not perform. In sport, she is an ardent skier and swimmer. I have seen her plunge into the Black Sea and swim out of sight as a refreshment in the middle of an arduous day.

At home in Moscow, she lives in a fifteenth-floor flat where she will entertain friends on warm summer nights on a balcony with an unforgettable view of the city: the domes of the Kremlin showing on the left, the Moskva river winding below, and on its other bank the great building of the University. One wonders how the baking can be so good—until one sees on a shelf the row of books on the subject collected from all countries, and learns that this is one of Alla's hobbies.

She is not only a handsome but a witty woman. The great IAU Assembly in Berkeley, California, in 1961 was captivated by her brilliant thirty minute speech of thanks in English. Few knew the conditions under which those remarks had been prepared. Massevich had returned from an official function so late the previous evening that she couldn't compose her thoughts until 4 a.m. and three hours after the speech was drafted she was roused from sleep by a call from the newly elected President of the IAU, Ambartsumian, who wanted Massevich's immediate help to put his own address into good English.

Having apparently inexhaustible energy, Alla took all this in stride. In the eight years of my acquaintance with her, I have never seen or heard of an instance in which either her enthusiasm or her confidence failed. Her resilience is extraordinary. To a scientific gathering in Austria, she reported in German. The first lecture she ever delivered in English was to a packed London Festival Hall in 1961—on the subject of the Soviet program for interplanetary space exploration.

In May 1961, when the Russians lost contact with the rocket they had shot toward planet Venus, I was surprised one day when I answered the telephone in my office at Jodrell Bank to hear Massevich speaking from Moscow. Could she, she asked, come over with Dr. Khodarev to use our telescope to search for the missing probe? After a few essential formalities, they arrived so late one night that I suggested postponing work till morning. Not at all! Massevich said she had only come from the Black Sea coast that morning and had not yet begun her working day.

Massevich is tireless also in her support and belief in the U.S.S.R. In my 1958 Reith Lectures, I made some criticisms of the Soviet attitude toward cosmology. The next time I met Massevich was on the railway platform at Crewe. Before we could reach the car she had produced from her brief case a Soviet book on cosmology and proceeded to point out the error of my beliefs.

Any country would be fortunate to have Alla Massevich as a citizen. The Soviet Union is especially fortunate to have such a dynamic and charming person as its ambassador in the spheres of astronomy and space research where international collaboration is so vital.

—SIR BERNARD LOVELL

HOPPETY HYPNOTISM

A Psychiatrist's View

By EDWARD S. DEAN, M.D.

FOLLOWING World War II and the successful treatment of psychiatric casualties by means of narcoanalysis, interest in the therapeutic use of hypnosis greatly increased, especially among psychiatrists, psychologists, dentists, and obstetricians. As a psychiatrist, I was much impressed by the power of hypnosis and tried it on a number of patients. I did not use it as hypoanalysis—a highly sophisticated form of hypnotic treatment—but as a means to remove symptoms by direct suggestion. The results of this treatment were gratifying; symptoms *could* be removed by suggestion. But I soon lost my enthusiasm for this kind of hypnotic treatment because of the occurrence of adverse reactions.

For example, there was one patient a man in his 50's, who suffered from *pruritus ani* for which no physical cause could be found. My preliminary interviews revealed no obvious psychiatric problem that could explain his itching. But he did appear to be a compulsive personality-type. I decided to try to relieve his itching through hypnosis.

He proved to be a satisfactory subject, and I was readily able to induce the trance. In twice-weekly sessions, I made direct suggestions against the symptom. To my satisfaction, he reported that he was no longer bothered by itching.

I continued the sessions in order to reinforce the "cure." And then I began to receive calls from him at night because of sudden attacks of severe headache resembling migraine. But he had no prior history of migraine. Ironically, the headaches occurred twice weekly and always at night. I then discontinued the hypnotic sessions, and thereafter his itching returned and the headaches stopped.

This patient's reaction must have been a chance occurrence, I thought. I did not believe that the treatment method could be at fault. I was still interested in hypnosis and wanted to test the limits of its effectiveness. So

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I chose for my next patient a man in [illegible] 20's who had been disabled for a [illegible]ber of years by a severe post-[illegible]cephalitic extra-pyramidal syndrome.

This patient suffered from a bizarre movement disorder that made him repulsive to others. His appearance was normal while he was at rest. But when he tried to do something, he would gesticulate uncontrollably and his face would become contorted. If he tried to carry on a conversation, his mouth would open widely in a forced yawning movement, his tongue would protrude and writhe about, his eyes would close tightly in a blepharospasm, his face would turn upward in an opisthotonic contraction of the neck muscles, and he would move backward in an involuntary retropulsion that might land him against the wall. His speech was indistinct and hard to understand.

Though I knew his condition was due to an organic impairment of the nervous system, I still wanted to treat him hypnotically, because it would be a test of the method. Besides, even a slight degree of success could be of great benefit to the patient.

He proved to be a difficult subject to hypnotize, and I was forced to resort to chemical assistance to induce [illegible]e trance. With eight cubic centi[illegible]eters of paraldehyde half an hour before the session, he became a good subject. In daily sessions, I made suggestions to the effect that he would feel less need for these movements and that he would be able to resist them. Within a week, his extra-pyramidal disorder had remarkably improved. His speech was clear and he could converse with very little forced movement.

Again, something happened that spoiled my satisfaction at the success of the treatment. I was notified that he had made a sudden, severe, unprovoked, and unexplained attack on a harmless old man who was on the same psychiatric ward where my patient was domiciled. This was unusual behavior for my patient. He had not previously been known to engage in violence during the years he had been in the hospital.

So, I discontinued my hypnotic treatment of this patient. His abnormal movements returned to their former severity, and he made no more attacks on old men.

IT had finally begun to dawn on me that hypnosis was not a good treatment if used for direct removal of symptoms. And the experience of a psychiatrist friend of mine made it seem also of doubtful value as an aid in learning.

This young psychiatrist, also interested in hypnosis, had heard that people had been helped to master difficult school subjects by means of hypnosis and had done well in their examinations. His wife was a student of the piano and had just been assigned a difficult Bach *Prelude and Fugue*. She dreaded the arduous learning period ahead of her. This seemed a propitious time for hypnosis to come to the aid of music, and my friend was eager to show that hypnosis could make learning easy. He explained the idea to his wife, and she agreed to the plan.

So she submitted herself to hypnosis. While she was in the trance, he made suggestions to the effect that she would play her new piece, that she would play it slowly and with relaxation, that she would not be disturbed by any errors she might make, and that she would play it through to the end.

After the session, she did just as had been suggested. She did even better: She made no detectable errors and she played the entire piece without a break in rhythm.

This seemed a striking confirmation of the power of hypnosis to make learning easy. But, as my friend told me, his wife, after the experience, seemed somewhat less than enthusiastic about this learning method. When he congratulated her on her accomplishment, she gave him a look of hatred and said, "I did it *just for you*."

As you can imagine, he did not again suggest to her that she avail herself of hypnosis as a means to musical virtuosity. Such experiences as these apparently are not uncommon.

Dr. Alfred Auerback polled 414 California psychiatrists and learned that of 192 who had experience with hypnosis, only fifty-five still used it, and only six or eight used it frequently. These psychiatrists reported a total of 201 adverse reactions to hypnosis, including 119 cases of psychosis. A woman was "cured" of hysterical blindness, and then she stabbed her boy friend.

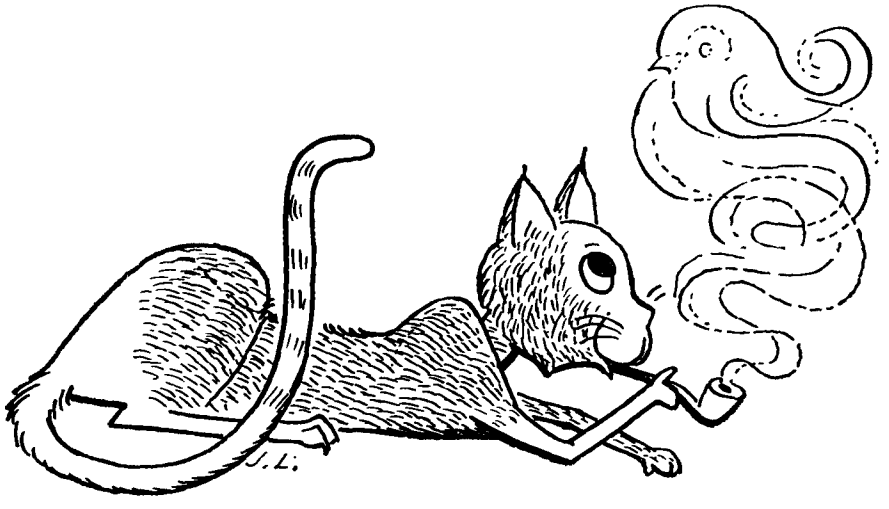
Part of the trouble is that when a hypotherapist removes symptoms by direct suggestion, he ignores the meaning of symptoms. Psychogenic symptoms, and also organic symptoms with an emotional investment, fulfill a personal need. Some underlying problem makes the symptom necessary. And if the symptom is suppressed by suggestion, the underlying problem can express itself in a new symptom.

Dr. Philip Seitz, writing in *Psychosomatic Medicine* (Sept.-Oct. 1953), reported an experiment which dramatically illustrated this principle. He produced a whole series of substitute symptoms by suggesting away the preceding symptom. Before the experiment was over, he barely escaped being choked by his subject.

That the hypnotist should ultimately become the object of his subject's hostility—covert or overt—seems understandable in view of the fact that people have a natural resentment of domination and power. The hypnotic relationship seems to me to be a power relationship. Compliance with suggestion seems a submission to the will of another.

Much of the modern theorizing about hypnosis ignores this point of view. But I feel that it is valid, and that it helps to account for the adverse reactions to hypnosis. I suggest that hypnotic treatment depends for its efficacy upon an induced neurosis, and that the hypnotic state is in itself a condition of stress.

My conclusion: Hypnosis is of great interest as an object of research, but it remains a doubtful form of treatment. And it should not be used as the principal means of treatment, as in the removal of symptoms by direct suggestion. The reported adverse reactions should make one hesitate to submit to hypnosis by irresponsible lay-practitioners, for treatment or entertainment.



Dr. Edward S. Dean, of San Francisco, often writes for psychiatric journals.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Fabian Bachrach

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

The direction is often determined by a new refinement of man's sensory apparatus—an instrument that allows him to touch or feel what he could not touch or feel before, or a device that extends his sight or sharpens his hearing. Many of the modern instruments are of monstrous size, and noisy in proportion. As this machinery of science moves out from the laboratory into use in man's daily affairs, the noise tends to rise disproportionately. Its constant beating on the human nervous system sometimes passes the point of individual endurance.

What is science doing to protect society against the invasion of the racuous robot? The answer to this question falls within the realm of the Acoustical Society of America, which was organized a quarter century ago by forty men who came together at Bell Telephone Laboratories during the Christmas holidays. By the

BY ROBERT B. NEWMAN

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

THE influence of acoustics in the design of buildings today goes further than the provision of good hearing conditions in auditoria. Every new apartment house, office building, and hotel presents a tremendous number of acoustics problems that must be solved during design if satisfactory buildings are to result. Attention is being given even to the private house these days. There is scarcely a building type that does not present areas in which acoustical thinking can help in providing the ultimate user with a satisfactory environment.

The architectural profession, in general, is coming to have a better understanding of the basic principles of acoustics, and this is resulting in better collaborative design effort between acousticians and architects. Only when there is real understanding, however, can successful collaboration result. Acoustics cannot be forced into a design or applied to it.

It is perfectly obvious that the design of rooms in which hearing is to be good must be strongly influenced by acoustical thinking. But many of the elements of the design influenced by acoustics will never be seen by the public. They will not involve unusual shapes or surface treatment but will involve such decisions as where to put the mechanical equipment to provide the least possible annoyance to listeners, or how to separate the scene shop from the stage so that it can be used while a performance is being given in the theater.

There is no point in putting a great deal of effort into the design of the listening space itself, if these associated problems are not solved. There needs to be an increasing emphasis on these "invisible" aspects in building design.

A college auditorium was built a few years ago, for example, with the entire heating plant for the college located in the basement below the auditorium floor. A number of measures that had been recommended for the control of noise from this equipment were omitted for reasons of economy in the actual construction. After the auditorium was opened, the noise from the equipment was so great that no one could appreciate the effort that had been put into the design of room acoustics for the space, and only after major corrective steps were taken could the auditorium be called satisfactory. It didn't matter whether the reverberation time was optimum or not, or whether sounds were uniformly distributed through the space—it was too noisy. People couldn't hear.

In the preliminary design of a recently completed theater, the architect had an interesting concept of using curtains all along the sides of the theater instead of doors so that at intermission the entire room could be opened to the adjoining lobbies by merely pulling back curtains. Thus, the audience would flow out rather than file out into the lobby. Although this is an interesting idea, one must immediately face the question of what happens to the noise from latecomers. Latecomers are people, and people in lobbies always talk, and the curtains would do nothing to keep this noise from the audience.

Of course, the basic shape of the space, the slope of the floor, the arrangement of the audience with respect to performers, provisions to enable the performers to hear each other and to sense the size of the room, the incorporation of electronic reinforcement when it is required—all these things will affect the architectural design. Acoustical thinking should lead the designer to shapes of rooms th are basically suitable for good hearing and will discoura him from using domes and other forms of large-scale concave geometry that can only give trouble. It will help him to understand the implications of surface irregularity, the scale of "breakup" that gives good sound diffusion, and the scale of "breakup" that does nothing. He will learn that small-scale irregularities, left when formwork is stripped from concrete, will not provide the needed sound absorption in a lobby or a dining room, and that he must solve the problem of incorporating this sound-absorbing treatment on these surfaces even though it may hide some of the handsome formwork.

Hopefully, acoustical considerations will never be the excuse for bad design. One hears occasionally of a particularly ugly room in which it is said that the ugliness was necessary because of acoustics. Usually, the cause for ugliness is a lack of understanding on the part of the designer of the basic principles of acoustics, which should have governed his design decisions. If he really understands the basic principles, he can almost always solve the problems handsomely. His acoustical collaborator must teach him, however, and make sure he understands the implications of every design decision. Many considerations other than acoustics go into the final determination of a scheme, but the implications of compromises away from ideal must be clearly understood.

ONE of the most frequently encountered problems in modern auditorium design is that of providing conditions in a multiuse auditorium suitable for a wide range of acti ties, demanding variability in both audience size and acoustical characteristics. A typical problem is that of pi viding a readily removable enclosure on the stage for musical performances. It is essential that, if this device is always going to be used when music is performed, its installation must not involve excessive cost or time. It is almost mandatory that it be mechanized if it is going to give

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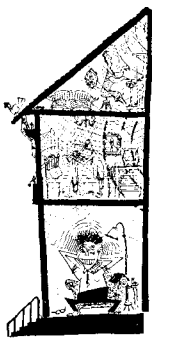
beginning of 1929, the new society had 450 charter members. Today the membership totals 3,000. The original secretary, Dr. Wallace Waterfall, is still in office, and the society remains an affiliate of the American Institute of Physics.

At first, a single communication—The Journal of the Acoustical Society—kept members up to date on research and engineering. But in January 1955 the society added another publication: Noise Control. This title apparently proved too undiplomatic, for it was changed in 1962 to Sound—Its Uses and Control. Below is a popular description of a present-day sound research frontier which appeared originally in Sound. The author is on the faculty of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a member of the New England architectural firm of Bolt, Beranek and Newman, Inc. The two other partners in the firm are individual recipients of the Biennial Award of the Acoustical Society of America.



—Sound

a realistic solution to flexibility. An enclosure of this sort was recently installed in the Northrop Auditorium at the University of Minnesota. This one can be put up or taken down in half an hour by two men, in contrast to the hours required for the usual manually erected plywood enclosure.

Provision must be made in the multiuse room for varying the amount of sound-absorbing material exposed and possibly even for changing the shape of the ceiling and wall surfaces. The realization of a truly successful multiuse auditorium requires the closest collaboration between architect, acoustician, and theater designer. Acoustics will help to determine the size and shape of the various elements that make up the room finish, the architectural handling of sound-reflective and sound-absorptive surfaces so that they become an integrated part of the design, and will give a final result that not only sounds good but looks good, and in which the provisions for variability are handled easily and economically.

EVEN before the architect becomes concerned with the many problems of flexibility, finish material, etc., he must be acquainted with some of the even more basic factors that govern the physical behavior of sound in rooms. We are often asked, for example, to provide "cathedral acoustics" in a low-ceilinged church. It should be obvious that, unless one has cathedral size, one can't have cathedral sound.

Designers often forget the basic fact that the human voice radiates largely from the front side of the face. But, until we develop a new variety of human being with a mouth going all the way around the head, it is unlikely that very large theaters in the round (e.g., for 1000 people) can work successfully without electronic reinforcement.

There is also the appeal of the "miraculous cure." A good many gallons of "acoustic paint" have been applied in the hope that here at last was something that would obviate the necessity for old-fashioned porous sound-absorbing material. When the architect understands the mechanism of sound absorption, he can see how ridiculous the paint idea is.

A recent article in a reliable newspaper described a pavilion proposed for the 1964 New York World's Fair that will house an "outdoor restaurant." This area will be covered with a roof but will be open on all sides. In order to keep out insects, rain, hot and cold air, and *noise*, the space will be surrounded by an air curtain. This is presumably a serious proposal to solve the severe airplane-noise problem at the site of the Fair. But anyone who has ever taken the trouble to observe an air curtain in action knows perfectly well that it does nothing to stop sound transmission, and that it is naive to hope that it will provide the diners in the World's Fair Pavilion with protection from noise.

THERE is a great deal of discussion about school acoustics today. We hear about the virtues of carpet in schools. There is no question that carpeting in schools provides an excellent means of controlling reverberation, of reducing impact noise, and of giving a sense of comfort. Used extensively, it is an excellent sound-control material, but it does not automatically solve *all* the acoustics problems in a school—we still need partitions that go from floor to ceiling.

The need for flexibility in school planning is recognized by educators and architects more than ever before. We mustn't limit changes in the educational program by inflexible buildings, but even the most enthusiastic proponents of flexibility admit the need for sound isolation between simultaneously used classroom spaces, if there is to be reasonable freedom from distraction and annoyance. Just how much isolation is needed is determined by the kinds of uses to which the spaces are put, but there is often entirely too much sound transmission in modern schools.

A form of flexibility sometimes overlooked is that of providing a variety of sizes of rooms, each well-isolated from its neighbors and shaped and finished to do the very best possible job, both visually and acoustically, for groups of various sizes. One cannot, for example, create a good classroom for 100 pupils merely by drawing back the partitions separating three thirty-seat classrooms in a row.

Control of unwanted noise seems to be one of the greatest problems in buildings today. The transmission of sound from one room to another in office buildings, hotels, and schools, and the noise from mechanical equipment, which is so much a part of the contemporary building, can only be controlled after careful study. Fully half the building budget in many new structures goes into mechanical equipment and, while the mechanical engineers are interested primarily in doing the mechanical job of lifting people, or moving air, or chilling water, or whatever it may be, they are not necessarily interested in doing it quietly. Unless all these racket-makers are brought under control by design at the outset, the building will most certainly fall short of real satisfaction. While manufacturers of equipment can be encouraged to make quieter devices, it is the job of the building designer to see to it that whatever is finally installed is not a nuisance to occupants or neighbors.

We can be sure that when acoustics is given as much serious attention as structure and all the other areas of building technology, the buildings resulting will be more satisfactory for human occupancy.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

WRONG HAT SIZE

In the illustrations for the article, "It Isn't the Heat; It's Midsummer Science" (SR, Aug. 3) on page 41 the picture of the hat is almost exactly one-eighth of an inch longer in the vertical measurement than it is across the brim—unless of course you decide that the brim is not part of the hat.

Willard E. Skidmore,
Professor of Modern Languages,
State University of New York.
Albany, N.Y.

Editor's note: *Professor Skidmore is correct. The text did not exclude the depth of the turned-down edge of the hatbrim from the vertical measurement of the hat. The brim itself was one-eighth inch deep.*

VERSUS

Oh dear
John Lear
Still hasn't heard
A scholar's word
On Biblical revelation
Or Hebrew Creation.
It's about time
He got in line.

Written in response to a recent SR science editor's editorial which began: "Can man, without invoking supernatural intervention, explain his own presence on earth. . . ."

Michael Hamilton,
Episcopal Chaplain to Faculty,
University of Southern California.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Robert J. Uffen's article captioned "Is Magnetism the Key to Life's Origin on Earth?" in the July 6 issue reminded me of the poetic insight of John Greenleaf Whittier, the American poet, in the following verses of his poem "Invocation":

Through Thy clear space, Lord, of old,
Formless and void the dead earth rolled;
Deaf to Thy heaven's music, blind
To the great lights which o'er it shined;
No sound, no ray, no warmth, no breath—
A dumb despair, a wandering death.

To that dark, weltering horror came
Thy spirit, like a subtle flame—
A breath of life electrical,
Awakening and transforming all,
Till beat and thrilled in every part
The pulses of a living heart.

John Panchuk,
Secretary and General Counsel,
Federal Life and Casualty Co.
Battle Creek, Mich.

MODEST HERO

Returning from Geneva, where I was invited to attend an advisory conference on Indian and Tribal populations, a meeting convened by the International Labor Office (U.N.) I found on my desk the *Saturday Review* for November 3, 1962 publishing several papers about "Reaching the Heart of South America." Its reading gave me the feeling of being too much honored. Sincerely, I think I do not deserve such high consideration. On the subject, permit me to express to you and to the *Saturday Review* my deep gratitude.

Your scientific commentary on Vicos is one of the most comprehensive papers I ever read on the subject. I should say you have identified yourself with the heart of the problem. Professor Holmberg gave to it his high learning and anthropological wisdom. I only gave my faith in the Indian people, whose culture I know very well because I worked for about 40 years on the high-lands human biology. Therefore, I was aware of the possibilities. As a whole, it was a nice adventure of knowledge and emotion.

Please excuse my English.

Carlos Monge M.
Lima, Peru

Editor's note: *No honor is too great for the eminent native citizen of a country struggling against odds who lends his personal prestige and professional skill to efforts being made by professionals f richer neighboring lands toward righ deep-seated wrongs of concern to eve man. Without the compassionate faith that moved Dr. Carlos Monge M., Indian Affairs Advisor to several Presidents of Peru, even the courage and tenacity of Cornell University's Anthropology Professor Allan Holmberg could not have brought justice to the Indians of Hacienda Vicos.*

The very lateness of Dr. Monge's letter gives it timeliness that could not have been foreseen. The Vicos experiment has become known throughout Peru as an example of what can be done to help the Indians help themselves. The new President of Peru, Mr. Fernando Belaunde Terry, has submitted to the Congress in Lima a land reform law providing for expropriation of plantations held by absentee landlords. He has asked the support of the United States through the Agency for International Development and the Peace Corps.

History Lesson

IN January 1959 there appeared in these columns a report warning against overuse of antibiotics. Medical evidence was presented in support of these two principal statements:

"Antibiotic prescriptions are an extravagant waste of money if they are directed against any of the commonly recognized virus ills, such as infantile paralysis, encephalitis, influenza or the common cold."

"Antibiotics do not convey systemic buildup, as, for instance, do vitamins."

In February 1959 a second report appeared, in which it was pointed out tha. Henry Welch, Ph.D., then director of the Antibiotics Division of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, was editing two controlled circulation paramedical journals—*Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*—in such a way as to promote the prescription of antibiotics at the same time that he was being paid a public salary to judge the worth of those very drugs.

One promotion to which SR/Research paid particular attention was a public address in which Dr. Welch proclaimed "a distinct trend, perhaps a third era" in medicine when "combinations [of antibiotics and other drugs] particularly synergistic ones, will be customarily used."

SR's report urged the U.S. Health, Education and Welfare Department and the Congress to inquire into the apparent conflict of interest between Dr. Welch's responsibility as a public official and his job as editor of magazines heavily dependent on drug advertising. HEW did nothing until Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee took SR's text as a jumping off point for an investigation of monopoly practices in the drug market. After the Kefauver subpoenas brought in figures to show that Dr. Welch collected a quarter of a million dollars from the antibiotics journals in sliding scale fees related to advertising in the journals, Dr. Welch was instructed to submit his resignation as FDA antibiotics chief.

Later, the Justice Department convened a Federal Grand Jury to inquire whether conspiracy charges should be brought against Dr. Welch and the unidentified owners of the drug journals for whom he worked privately on the side while employed as a civil servant. The jury deliberated for a year and a half. Recently it was discharged without returning an indictment.

Whoever paid for Dr. Welch's private services has escaped punishment for the present at least. Further inquiry seems doubtful because of the sudden death of Senator Kefauver from a heart attack. But the FDA on August 17, 1963 announced its intention to ban combinations of antibiotics with analgesics, antihistimines, decongestants and/or caffeine. The announcement included the f lowing statements:

"There is no acceptable evidence that any antimicrobial agent [such as an antibiotic] is of any value in the treatment of the common cold or any other respiratory viral infection."

"Antimicrobial agents are of no value in preventing bacterial complications in patients with the common cold who are otherwise healthy. . . ." —J.L.

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Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 13

bial lesson: it is the case of "Go
e aunt, thou sluggard."

THE ORDINARY—CONCEPTUAL: Having already allowed myself the luxury of quoting from one of my own poems (find the quotation for yourself, if it matters), let me wallow in my own permission and attach the poem itself as the resting place of this, yes, praise (passing only to note, and only for legal reasons, that it was copyrighted in 1959 by Rutgers, the State University of New Jersey, via its University Press):

THE GIFT

In 1945, when the keepers cried *kaput,*
Josef Stein, poet, came out of Dachau
like half a resurrection, his other
eighty pounds still in their invisible grave.

Slowly then the mouth opened and first
a broth, and then a medication, and then
diet, and all in time and the knitting mercies
the showing bones were buried back in flesh,

and the miracle was finished. Josef Stein,
man and poet, rose, walked, and could even
beget, and did, and died later of other causes
only partly traceable to his first death.

He noted—with some surprise at first—
that strangers could not tell he had died once.
He returned to his post in the library, drank his beer,
published three poems in a French magazine,

and was very kind to the son who was at last his.
In the spent of one night he wrote three propositions:
That Hell is the denial of the ordinary. That nothing lasts.
At clean white paper waiting under a pen

is the gift beyond history and hurt and heaven.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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(Continued on page 52)

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(Continued from page 51)

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HOUSE WANTED

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HOUSE FOR EXCHANGE

EXECUTIVE WANTS 2 bedroom East Side airy Manhattan apartment good address, exchange for 4 bedroom chalet, tennis court, near golf course, foothill Blue Ridge Mountains, now to June 15. James Flack, Wilderness Road, Tryon, North Carolina.

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Furnished

ARCHITECT wishes to sell furnishings in lovely studio apartment, fine West Side Manhattan neighborhood. Rentable $100 monthly, October. TRafalgar 3-8562.

APARTMENTS WANTED

SR STAFFER needs furnished or partially-furnished apartment; separate bedroom, kitchen, good closet space for two. Preferably mid-town Manhattan. JUdson 2-0220, ext. 723.

APARTMENT WANTED: Unusual 2 bedroom, dining room apartment wanted for long rental East Side NYC after October 1st. Box D-848.

TWO LADIES desire efficiency apartment Tryon, N.C. middle October for winter. Box E-140.

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CAMPS

VENI, VIDI: My boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit. Appel Farm Art & Music Center. Elmer 2, New Jersey.

VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1535

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

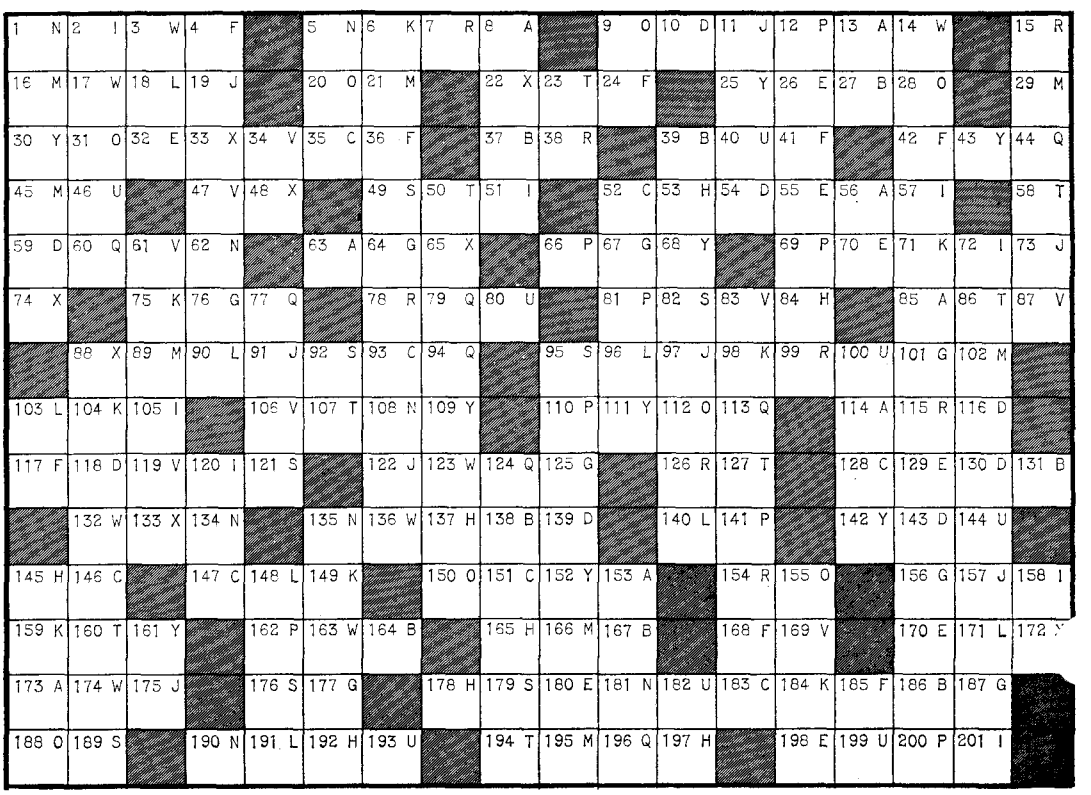
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. What single (person or thing, among several; 2 wds.).	63 153 173 13 114 85 56 8
B. Eighteenth - cent. Swiss naturalist who did important work in Holland.	39 138 186 27 37 131 164 167
C. User of excessive elegance of language.	35 93 146 147 151 183 52 128
D. Former—and now, careless—name for the language of Holland (2 wds.).	130 59 116 143 10 139 54 118
E. The massage of Hawaii (comp.).	170 55 180 26 32 70 198 129
F. Nodule of chalcedony containing water.	41 4 185 42 36 24 168 117
G. Specters used to frighten children (in the times when people *tried* to frighten children).	101 64 156 67 125 76 187 177
H. Brought into proper relations.	137 84 165 145 192 197 53 178
I. Called again for quiet.	120 51 2 105 158 201 72 57
J. In grammar, a substitution of one word for another, usually related.	97 11 73 122 91 157 175 19
K. Plants of the *Subularia aquatica* group.	6 149 98 75 104 71 159 184
L. Elizabethan word for comfortably, agreeably.	18 148 191 140 96 171 90 103
M. How the Pony Express rider started out, after a stop (3 wds. followed by *mount*).	166 21 89 29 45 16 102 195

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Formed into separate groups.	62 181 135 190 134 108 5 1
O. Intercalation.	28 150 188 112 31 20 155 9
P. The sound of passing time.	162 12 81 69 66 141 200 110
Q. Generally hated creature sometimes distinguished as a "Norway" one (2 wds.).	113 79 44 60 124 77 196 94
R. State of being best.	115 15 78 126 7 154 99 38
S. Indolence; unemployment.	92 121 176 82 95 179 49 189
T. Followed by *Wales*, large state in Australia (2 wds.).	86 160 58 127 107 23 194 50
U. All het up (by or about something).	80 182 193 40 199 46 100 144
V. What "unmerciful Disaster" did to Poe's Raven, "fast" and "faster."	169 119 61 83 47 34 87 106
W. Where it is fruitless to look for needles (3 wds.).	123 174 136 14 3 163 17 132
X. Russian physician in Paris, known for research on animal glands for human rejuvenation (1866-1951).	172 22 65 133 74 33 88 48
Y. From without inward, in *anatomical parlance*.	68 152 109 30 43 111 25 142 161

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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THE ORIENT IS

HONG KONG

The Noon Day Gun. More than 100 years ago employees of a local company fired a royal salute honouring one of their superior's departure from the Colony. Unfortunately, the resident British admiral was not amused at this friendly violation of tradition. As punishment he decreed that the company should fire a gun noon each day. This itself has now become a tradition. ☐ The Noon Day Gun is just one of the fascinating spectacles awaiting the tourist in Hong Kong. ☐ Hong Kong offers you a paradise of adventure from its glorious panoramic views to its crowded streets, from the rural areas of the New Territories to the bustling harbour activity. ☐ Whatever your pleasure, be it touring, shopping in the world's greatest 'buyers' market, or relaxing, if that is your forte—Hong Kong is for you. And to cap it all there is accommodation to suit your every need, from a single room to a luxurious suite. ☐ For further information contact the Hong Kong Tourist Association, P.O. Box 2597, Victoria, Hong Kong, B.C.C.

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